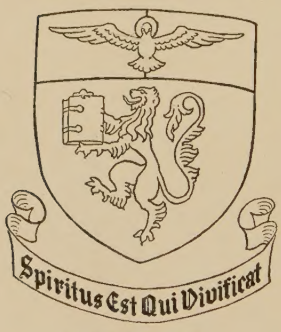
Songs of Every Day

BY

ARTHUR G. BURGOYNE

Duquesne University



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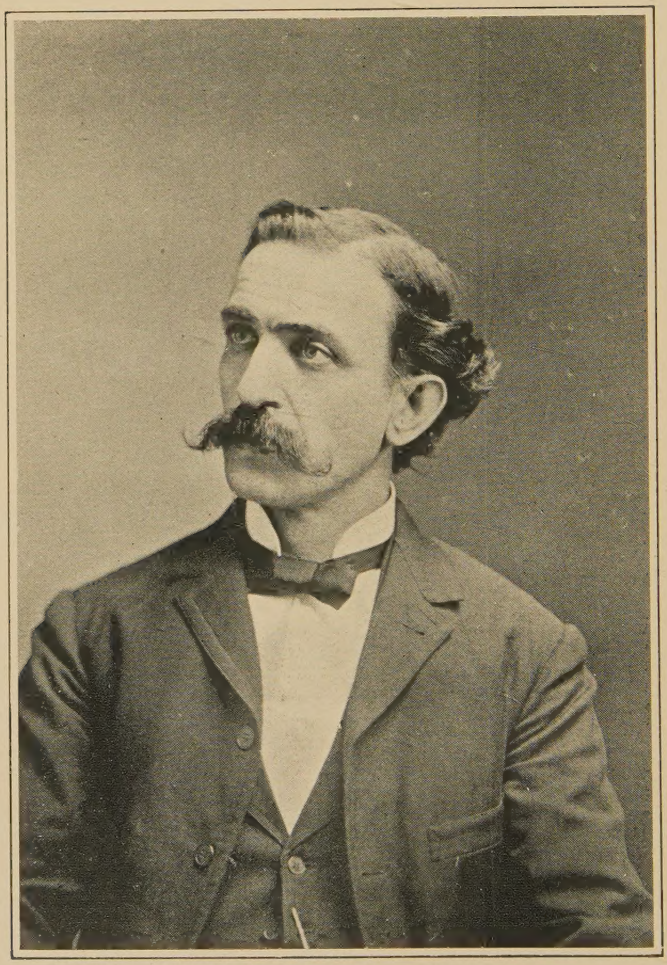

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OF

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BY

ARTHUR G. BURGOYNE.

Pittsburgh, Pa., 1900.

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INTRODUCTORY.

THE verses in this volume are selected from a series appearing daily in the columns of the Pittsburgh "Leader" since October, 1890, and constituting a running commentary on the events of the hour. Unsandpapered and unvarnished, they were turned in as regular "copy," and it is, therefore, simply as examples of "short order" newspaper verse that the writer submits them to the public in book form. All pretensions to a place in the class with laureates and other lyrists of an exalted type are cheerfully waived, and only the indulgence due to a self-confessed machine poet is claimed by

THE AUTHOR.

Pittsburgh, January 19, 1900.

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The Old Silver Dollar.

How dear to our hearts is the bright bit of metal,
That's known as a dollar all over the land!
How blithely and gaily our due bills we settle,
And square up accounts with the cartwheels of Bland!
Who cares for the notes of the national banker?
Who cares for the greenback? As gold 'tis the same.
Oh, no. For that coin of our fathers we hanker,
The old silver dollar of Popocrat fame.

The old silver dollar,
The heavyweight dollar,
The half value dollar
Of Popocrat fame.

Those dollars of old. Well, we used not to coin 'em
In days that were palmy; for, as you'll recall,
We feared that the Rothschilds would darkly purloin 'em,
We dreaded that Wall street would corner 'em all.
Though suff'ring for silver, we just didn't use it,
We left it to Europe that metal to claim.
But now we'll restore it. Don't dare to abuse it,
That old silver dollar of Popocrat fame.

Ref.—The old silver dollar, etc.

Professors informed us that when silver wandered
Away from our shores and was strange to the mint,
That metal alone was of prices the standard,
And boosted the laborer's wage without stint.
But when it came back and the government bought it
In hundreds of tons,—oh, the woe and the shame!—
The government's help into disrepute brought it,
That old silver dollar of Popocrat fame.

Ref.—The old silver dollar, etc.

In Coin's School of Finance 'tis well demonstrated
That silver and prices to nothing must fall,
Unless at a price that by congress is stated,
The mints ask for silver and swallow it all.
When this comes to pass, the whole outfit of nations
Will pay any price that it suits us to name
For that wonderful output of Coin's demonstrations,
The old silver dollar of Popocrat fame.

Ref.—The old silver dollar, etc.

To an Erring Astronomer.

How now, Brashear? What break in your machine,
What jolts or jars
Switched off the show mapped out for yestere'en,
That show'r of stars?
Didst slip a cog, or knock the belting off,
Or wheels disjoint
That thus the multitude (now prone to scoff)
You disappoint?
Where were your lenses, convex and concave,
Your quadrants true
And tools for measuring, with aspect grave,
The heavens blue?

Where were your never-failing charts and maps?
Oh, let us hope
That Providence preserved from dire collapse
Your telescope.
Whate'er the mischief; aye, whate'er arose
Your plans to mar,
You can't deny your failure to disclose
One shooting star.
No, sir. Despite your promise to produce
A show'r with ease,
You did not turn a single twinkler loose,
The crowd to please.
E'en had a lonely two-pound meteor dropped
The mob among,
Perchance this visitation would have stopped
The public tongue.
But no. A million of us watched and watched
And strained our eyes
Until we found out that the job was botched
Beyond disguise.
Now this is not a fair and proper game,
An honest steer,
Nor can you kick if people lay the blame
On you, Brashear.
For just as Ancient Prob is roundly cussed
For storms undue,
So you when astronomic programs "bust"
Must suffer, too.
But sir, we'll let you have another chance.
If you know how,
Shake up the sky, make all the planets dance,
Kick up a row.
Do this some night and criticisms severe
We'll then recall.
But you must hit the mark next time, Brashear.
Play ball, play ball.

Oom Paul.

Oom Paul is big, Oom Paul is fat,
A slow and cumbrous-looking fellow,
But well he knows where he is at
When dogs of war around him bellow.
With hand that's firm and nerve that's steady
He's always ready.

Behind him, solid as a rock,
His people stand, a sturdy race
That little fear the battle's shock.
What odds how strong the foe they face?
No pow'r, while they've Oom Paul to guide 'em,
Can override 'em.

They proved a score of years ago
Their never-failing store of grit
When England sought to lay 'em low,
And furious battle fires were lit.
No danger scared; no hardship tired 'em.
Oom Paul inspired 'em.

And so they won in many a fight,
And manfully they kept their feet
And England hailed with much delight
Her first good chance for peace to treat.
"Well done, Oom Paul," the whole world thundered
And watched and wondered.

And now, forsooth, Joe Chamberlain
Serves notice of a war in store.
The Boers, he swears, must fight again
And cope with British steel once more.
Whereat Oom Paul gives out this fiat,
"All right. Come try it."

So in the future close at hand
  Look out for squalls. In combat dire
The foemen face to face will stand
  'Mid ruin black and blood and fire.
And any Boer will bet his dinner
  That Paul's a winner.

Mason on the Floor.

When Billy Mason takes the floor
There is a sudden rush of gore;
  From countless wounds it leaks.
War drums give out a fierce tattoo
And lightning streaks the heavens blue
  When Billy Mason speaks.

The earth vibrates; the welkin rings;
A tremor runs through czars and kings,
  Whose noses Billy tweaks;
The stars, affrighted, cease to shine,
The dogs of war howl, snarl and whine
  When Billy Mason speaks.

Cyclones spring up and waterspouts;
An angry mob infuriate shouts
  Like Turks turned loose on Greeks.
From ev'ry scabbard leaps the sword,
Somebody's ox must needs be gored
  When Billy Mason speaks.

Great guns are loaded; dynamite
Goes off. A pallor ghastly white
  Shows on the women's cheeks;
Skyrockets mount with wicked fizz
On such occasions, namely, viz.:
  When Billy Mason speaks.

Armed men go marching to and fro,
Campfires send out a warning glow,
And on the mountain peaks
Strange signals greet the public eye;
The mob exclaims "Oh me, oh my!"
When Billy Mason speaks.

Columbia starts in sheer surprise,
Old Uncle Sammy rubs his eyes,
The eagle loudly shrieks
And circumambient oceans roar
And wildly try to smash the shore
When Billy Mason speaks.

The hapless infant king of Spain
Begins to wonder if his reign
Will last for many weeks;
And Blanco, wrapped in Fear's embrace,
Feels just like toppling off his base
When Billy Mason speaks.

Yet when 'tis over, when of Bill
The congressmen have had their fill
And shut down on his freaks,
Nobody's hurt; no foe hurled hence;
'Tis in a strict Pickwickian sense
That Billy Mason speaks.

"Nevermore!"

In Berlin the Reichstag sitting causes Yankee hearts to thrill,
Causes horror and affliction with its meat inspection bill.
Ruthless measure. Its provisions, now affirmed with angry roar,
Paralyze our Meat Trust tapping, tapping at the Teuton's door.
Quoth the Reichstag "Nevermore."

In Chicago, Kansas City and in far-off Omaha
There's no trace of trichinosis nor a sign of lumpy jaw.
Guaranteeing this, the butchers and the packers hasten o'er
To the tempting German market. But when entrance they implore,
Quoth the Reichstag "Nevermore."

Cudahy and Nelson Morris, Swift and Armour all unite
In a plaintive note of protest. "Boys," they say, "this isn't right.
Here at home no clamps are on us. Why then from a foreign shore
Should we be debarred? Ah, won't you treat us as in days of yore?"
Quoth the Reichstag "Nevermore."

Past placating is the Teuton, and his ire cannot be calmed,
For has he not heard the grewsome narratives of beef embalmed?
Salicylic ham appals him, boric sausage makes a sore
Species of impression on him. Knowing how our soldiers swore,
Quoth the Reichstag "Nevermore."

There's the record—Miles and Daly, backed by scores of honest chaps,
Swore that on this kind of diet e'en an ostrich would collapse.
Stomachs rose in fierce rebellion; men keeled over by the score,
"Fiends," said Deutschland, "would you sell us meat that's doctored to the core?"
Quoth the Reichstag "Nevermore."

Ah, the pity! Ah, the scandal! Is it not a woeful shame
That our land should bear the stain of such a nasty little game?
Out upon those hateful packers! Fate for them should have in store
Retribution since no neighbor trusts us as in times before.
Quoth the Reichstag "Nevermore."

Mars at the 'Phone.

One Tesla on a summer day,
With tools electric toiled away.
Referring oft to bulky tomes,
He figured much with volts and ohms.
Like to a torrent was the flow
Of power from out his dynamo.
And cheerful was the pit-a-pat
That issued from his rheostat.
Anon he puffed a fat cigar,
And quaffed things from a Leyden jar.
Whereat, refreshed, he'd soak with oil
His favorite induction coil;
Or, with a nonconductor drape
His magnets of the horseshoe shape.
Then upon problems deep intent
He'd ponder, ponder, and invent.
Just as the sun his downward slide
Began, "Eureka!" Tesla cried.
"At last my toil and thought profound
With glorious success are crowned.
"For haply, thank my lucky stars!
I've found a way of reaching Mars.
"And"—here his face with glory shone—
"I'll call 'em up by telephone."
Now doth he stand his 'phone beside,
Transfigured in his joy and pride.
And with enthusiasm aglow,
He rings and shouts a loud "Hello!"
"Is that you, Mars?"—O dire suspense!
What answer?—Aye, the strain's intense.
Has Tesla failed? Perhaps—But no,
There travels back a faint "Hello!"
Now hallelujah! All's O. K.
For Tesla 'tis a happy day.
'Tis proved that he has had no peers

On earth within a thousand years.
But, you may ask, with awe and dread,
What Mars to Tesla later said.
What were the words of mystic cast
That traveled through the ether vast?
Alas, those words were cold and few,
They were not singular or new.
No message of celestial grace
They carried to the human race.
The talk, in fact, we're bound to state,
Was, just like Central's, up to date.
Mars simply gurgled out somehow,
"Ring up again. We're busy now."

The Fire Alarm.

"One—Three"—the dread alarm rings out,
Its echoes putting sleep to rout.
Wayfarers pause, and sleeping folks
Wake up and count the laggard strokes.
Some finding that no danger's nigh,
Doze off again. Some when they spy
The blaze that in the distance glows
Rush forth in scanty meed of clothes,
And speed through mud and slush and mire,
While all the time they shriek "Fire, fire!"
"Bing, bing! Crash, bang!" Like Furies fleet
The firemen flash from street to street.
Hose, ladders, engines rattle past
Like thunderbolt or whirling blast.
The very horses, black as night,
Like war-steeds sweeping to the fight,
Seem crazed, as 'neath a red-lit sky
Forth to the scene of dread they fly.
Now comes the crowd. Each mother's son

Excitedly upon the run.
Like phantoms from some ghostly sphere
In every quarter they appear.
Soon they are packed in solid mass
Behind the lines, which none can pass
Except the firemen and the few
Policemen in their coats of blue,
Who, much disgusted with their job,
Pull out their sticks and boss the mob.
The blaze roars upward to the skies,
And puny water-jets defies.
In vain the fire-chief, bronzed and stout,
Impassioned, gives his orders out.
In vain his men with hose and ax
Their skill and strength and courage tax.
As well might they attempt to snuff
Vesuvius out. Lion-like they strain
Their ev'ry nerve, but all in vain.
There go the walls. The lurch, the smash,
The thund'rous cataclysmal crash
Fill the beholders' hearts with fright,
And groans are heard and lips turn white.
And some their neighbors quick remind
Of venturous spirits left behind
When from the wreck the firemen fled,
And deeper grows the sense of dread.
The morning dawns. The thousands creep
Heart-sick and weary home to sleep.
The firemen stay, still working hard,
And all are grimy, stained and charred.
Well dressed adjusters come to count
The loss, nor start at the amount.
And enterprise, now fallen through,
Already fashions plans brand-new.
Thus short-lived is the Fire King's star,
But for a night his vict'ries are.

What Dewey Did.

He hurried forth,
He scurried forth
From Hong Kong where he lay,
He dashed along,
He flashed along
To old Manila's bay.
He went bare-knuckled to the fray. He wore no gloves of kid,
For he meant to paralyze the Dons, and that's what Dewey did.

His jolly boys,
His bully boys
Were crazy for the fight.
Equipped for it
And stripped for it
They were both day and night.
All hands, alike the veteran and young and verdant "mid"
Were burning to avenge the Maine, and that's what Dewey did.

Dark night it was,
Dread sight it was
To see the squadron glide
By foe unseen
And go unseen
The harbor lines inside.
Explosives 'neath the waters had been dexterously hid,
But heroes laugh at things like these, and that's what Dewey did.

The quaking Dons,
The shaking Dons
Were taken by surprise.

No grit they showed,
No wit they showed;
Salt tears were in their eyes.
They thought that Yankee hands from h—l had lifted
off the lid
To dump their poor old squadron in, and—that's what
Dewey did.

He battered 'em,
He shattered 'em,
He ripped 'em all, kersmash!
He turned 'em up,
He burned 'em up,
He sank 'em all, kersplash!
And now of Spanish ships and men the Philippines are
rid,
For Uncle Sam said "Clean 'em out!" and that's what
Dewey did.

Dog Days.

Lo, the dog catcher! Soon he'll be in season
Prowling the streets uncannily along;
Ne'er will he pause to argufy or reason,
But simply yank the canine, right or wrong.
What does he care for value or for beauty?
What does he care for lengthy pedigree?
Moved by a sense of predatory duty,
"Canines," he says, "are all alike to me."
Mastiff and pug and precious Gordon setter,
Lap dog and Dane and terrier of Skye,
Roaming at large—of course they should know better,
Into his hands will fall and groan and die.
Collie and pointer, bulldog heavy muzzled,
Frisky King Charles and greyhound long and slim,
Beagle and dachshund sorely will be puzzled
When they essay to get away from him.

Raising his net, a thing of cruel meshes,
Deftly he'll aim and trap his helpless prey;
And having safely bagged the burden precious,
Off to the pound he'll blithely drive away.
No Cerberus or fierce devouring dragon
Ever kept watch with vigilance so keen
As this dog-hunter with his net and wagon,
Always alert to feed the death-machine.
Gloom reigns around the pound, that place of slaughter,
Where wandering hounds the coup-de-grace receive;
Caged up and sunk in black and chilly water—
Thus in disgrace the sunny world they leave.
Many a home will thus be filled with sorrow;
Many a hearth will miss a cherished form;
Little it boots new dogs to buy or borrow,
When He is cold, no other is so "warm."
Haste then, and sink the necessary dollars
In chain and strap and muzzle built of wire,
Load up with ropes and hitching gear and collars;
Nail up the "purp" each night ere you retire.
Then when around your home the catcher lingers,
'Twill be your turn to grin with ghoulish glee,
And to remark with careless snap of fingers,
"Catchers of dogs are all alike to me."

Echoes of the Fourth.

Friends, Romans, Countrymen, rejoice, be glad
For great and glorious was the Fourth you had.
Ne'er has there been another such a gay
And blithe and brilliant Independence day.
It bloomed, it fizzed, it effervesced, it glowed;
In endless stream the fount of pleasure flowed.
Ah, after such a ripper of a Fourth,
Who'll say he failed to get his money's worth?

Drawbacks there were. Full many a luckless wight
Succumbed to powder or to dynamite,
Or yielding to the giant cracker's charm,
Gave up, perchance a leg, perchance an arm.
Or when he looked within to find out why
The "bang" was tardy, forfeited an eye.
And there is likewise mourning in the land
For him that held a rocket in his hand.

There was, in sooth, no little havoc played.
See what a rent the Roman candles made
Which, bursting at a moment unforeseen,
Assailed the celebrant and roused his spleen.
And eke the pistol, made for callow kids,
Led up to legends writ for coffin lids.
For such mishaps are foreordained by Fate
To mark always the Day We Celebrate.

But he that kicks on little things like these
Is certainly morose and hard to please.
For had we not as compensating joys
Prismatic fires and vast, volcanic noise?
Ah, twas a sight for Jove himself to see,
This whole great nation on a jamboree.
From hades with a whoop we raised the lid
And ripped things open—that is what we did.

Ah, famous Fourth, well may we wonder when
Another such a day will come again.
Another day of patriotic zeal,
Pervading all this grand old commonweal.
'Twas all that man could hope for or desire:
A burst of light, a cataract of fire.
And Young America, which had the floor,
Sighs deep and bitterly because 'tis o'er.

Deadman's Isle.

A Ballade of the Ohio River.

At Deadman's Isle, ill-fated spot,
Where river furies lurk and plot,
The mariner is often caught
  And wonders what the matter is.
The ripple grimly grasps his craft,
His cruiser, schooner, brig or raft,
And riles him till he, fore and aft,
  As mad as any hatter is.
Unsparing Deadman! There to-day
The stately coal boats on their way
To southern ports,—O reader, pray,
  Give ear unto this tale of woe—
These coalers, with their white wings spread,
And all in trim to forge ahead,
Approach the Island of the Dead.
  (Here please insert a wail of woe).
Each captain on the poop-deck stands,
A night glass in his sun-browned hands,
And thunders out his bold commands
  In language terse and vigorous.
The mate skips round with vet'ran skill,
The bos'n pipes his whistle shrill,
The purser meets with iron will
  The situation rigorous.
From topmast high the cabin boy
Sings out, "Land ho! Deadman ahoy!"
The captain groans, "My poor convoy
  Of flats foredoomed to ruin is.
Yon binnacle of brass so bright;
Yon marlinspike, my heart's delight,
Must go. No ray of hope's in sight
  When such like trouble brewin' is."
Soon, soon, the vessel will be swiped,

All hands are now to quarters piped,
The colors, neatly starr'd and striped,
  Are dipped, distress to signify.
"Brave lads," the stricken captain cries,
"Fly while you can. Who lingers dies."
The tears that gather in his eyes
  The hero's visage dignify.
Now comes the rush of flying feet,
The mariners, all lads discreet,
Care not a wat'ry grave to meet,
  And skip with much celerity.
But mark the captain. Mercy, no!
Can this be thus? Ah, yes, 'tis so,
Down with his ship he means to go,—
  Oh, Spartanlike temerity!
All's done. In water two feet deep,
The hero sleeps his final sleep
And loving ones for aye will weep,
  Recalling what became of him.
Beneath the waters, noble soul!
He rests 'mid Youghiogheny coal,
And on th' immortal muster roll
  We'll register the name of him.

Old Joe.

Old Joe Wheeler,
  Solid at his post,
Not a thing to kick about,
  Nobody to roast.
Never writes a letter
  Full of gall and spite;
Old Joe Wheeler,
  He's all right.

Old Joe Wheeler,
Flat upon his back,
Got the boys to carry him,
Marshaled the attack.
Doctors couldn't handle him,
Off he went to fight.
Old Joe Wheeler,
He's all right.

Weary was the army;
Spaniards hard to beat.
Some one passed the word along,
"Boys, we must retreat."
"— it, no," says Ancient Joe.
"Never take to flight."
Old Joe Wheeler,
He's all right.

After Santiago fell,
Fighting men got sick.
Generals and colonels
All began to kick.
"Hang it all," thought General Joe,
"This disgusts me quite."
Old Joe Wheeler,
He's all right.

Teddy wrote an angry note,
Stirring Alger's bile,
Ripped the powers up the back
In a roughshod style.
Not a word old Joe let drop
At this woful sight.
Old Joe Wheeler,
He's all right.

Never mad, never huffed,
Never riled or sore,
Steady Old Reliable
Fights and nothing more.
Don't forget him, Uncle Sam,
(Some folks think you might).
Old Joe Wheeler,
He's all right.

Good Times.

Happy is the farmer in his truly rural ranche.
To rejoice it is his turn;
He has crops and things to burn.
Grain is in the granary and fruit is on the branch,
And the people rush to buy,
And to give him prices high.
His wagons heavy-laden to the city roll away,
Enabling him to tap a little Klondike ev'ry day.
Oh, 'tisn't any wonder that the farmer's feeling gay
For his pocketbook grows fat
And he's mighty glad of that.

Wheat and oats and yellow corn—Niag'ra-like they pour,
Yet there isn't half enough
Of the life-sustaining stuff.
Europe buys incessantly and still she cries for more,
For this year she hasn't struck
Her accustomed streak of luck.
A fleet of ships goes merrily a-sailing o'er the main;
They're loaded to the quarter-deck with bags of yellow grain;
'Tis yellow gold they'll carry when they're sailing back again.
Foreign folks their molars gnash,
For they must give up the cash.

Up goes flour a-whooping and our statesmen freely shed
Tears of joy because the boom
Conquers poverty and gloom.
Bakers make arrangements to run up the price of bread,
Which economists opine
Is a very healthy sign;

And ev'ry agriculturist, with gladness in his soul
Believes that he in luxury will ultimately roll,
Nor fears that subsequently he'll again be in the hole.
With his pockets bulging out,
'Tis no time for dread or doubt.

Peaches by the million and the mellow canteloupe
Into market daily come,
And the glossy-coated plum
Numerously figures like a messenger of hope;
And the huckleberry, too,
Is extensively on view.
Tomatoes, blushing scarlet, are unloaded by the ton,
The grinding of the cider press is merrily begun,
The apple looms up 'apple-ly (excuse the scaly pun,
For we're truly overjoyed
And these things we can't avoid.)

So before the year is out the farmer we will see
In Prince Albert spick and span
And in shoes of yellow tan,
Also in a stovepipe hat as shiny as can be,
And when Christmas comes again
He'll be drinking fine champagne.
Then blessings on the season which these benefits has brought
And magic alterations in our people's case has wrought.
A year like '97 with such happiness is fraught
That there's really no recourse
But to cheer until we're hoarse.

Maceo.

Behold yon new-made grave
And weep, ye sons of men,
For Maceo the brave
Is dead—yes, dead again.

In Cuba's gallant fight,
  Courageously unique,
He battled for the right
  And fell—three times a week.

When Campos led the foe,
  Did Maceo let him slide?
Not so. With zeal aglow
  He fiercely charged and—died.

The men who write the news
  Stood round and wept amain,
While scribbling interviews
  With him who had been slain.

Next day, rememb'ring not
  Their sorrow, they announced
That Maceo on the spot
  The Dons again had trounced.

Soon Weyler things controlled,
  And people held their breath,
For Maceo, as of old,
  Went forth and met his death.

Where'er he met in strife
  The Spaniards, sad to tell,
He risked his priceless life
  And, foremost fighting, fell.

On Sanguillera's plain,
  On Bandillera's coast,
He never could refrain
  From giving up the ghost.

He used to vault across
  The trocha ev'ry day,
And—oh, the mournful loss!—
  He'd perish right away.

E'en when his foot and horse
  Had conquered, people still
Would find poor Maceo's corse
  All gory, stiff and chill.

In thicket, grove and dale,
  On mountains and on plains,
The searcher could not fail
  To find those same remains.

And still stern duty's call
  Requires that we lament
Beneath a fun'ral pall
  This truly sad event.

Then weep, good people weep,
  Let tears in torrents pour,
For in his final sleep
  Poor Maceo lies once more.

The Crowning of Nicholas.

Not a bomb was thrown, not a dynamite mine
  Was set off by conspirators frowning,
Of Anarchy's hand there was never a sign
  At the great imperial crowning.

Great crowds came in over ev'ry road,
  And they whispered the gruesome story
That Moscow's palace was booked to explode
  And to blow all hands to glory.

And from lip to lip in a voice low-toned,
  Went the rumor dark and dreary,
And ambassadors quaked and envoys groaned
  And royalties felt quite weary.

Few and short were the kicks they made
And they dared not think of skipping,
For of vengeance dire they were sore afraid
If the czar once caught 'em tripping.

So with faces blanched and with trembling knees,
And with hearts all palpitating,
They did what they could to seem at ease
In the course of the coronating.

Nicholas himself was cool and calm,
For his father of old had taught him
To be stiff of lip and of diaphragm
Whenever the Anarchists caught him.

And he said to his wife, did this fearless czar:
"If to-day I meet disaster,
You will find my will in the bureau draw'r,
Hid under my porous plaster."

On came the priests with the jeweled crown,
Which like to the sunbeams glistened,
And the czar put it on and screwed it down,
While for dynamite sounds he listened.

But nought did he hear save the anthems low
Of the choir and the pray'rs soft-spoken
Of patriarchs. It was really so
That the danger-spell was broken.

Glad of heart was the czar and proud
Of his neat escape from removal.
And he tipped his crown to the surging crowd
As a token of bland approval.

But half of his royal task is done,
For the Anarchs are still conspiring,
Yet little he'll reck if they let him alone
And at long range do their firing.

Menelik.

Oh the mis'ry! Oh, the pity!
Over the Eternal City
Hangs a pall of tribulation,
Hangs a gloomy adumbration,
Sent to figure as a token
Of a nation's glory broken.
Hapless Rome! What villain tricked her?
Menelik? Yes, Menelicked her.

Things were diff'rent on the morning
When all thoughts of danger scorning,
Noble Romans, on their mettle,
Started Menelik to settle.
Bands were playing, flags were flying,
"Viva!" ev'ryone was crying.
Guns were booming ev'ry minute;
Abyssinia wasn't in it.

On the hostile shore they landed
And apologies demanded.
"Menelik," they said, "be humble
Or from off your throne you'll tumble,
Losing all your royal pickings,
Paralyzed by Menelickings,
One last chance to you we'll tender,
Put your gun up and surrender."

Strange to say, the Abyssinian
King was not of this opinion.
So he called his fiercest kickers,
Filled 'em up with Meneliquors;
Said to 'em, "Shall we lie idle
Under pressure homicidal?"
"Never," cried they all in chorus,
"Italy shall fall before us."

Thus a fierce campaign was fathered;
Sixty thousand natives gathered.
Arms they had and ammunition
And advantage of position.
'Way up in the mountains airy
They lay low for Baratieri,
All prepared the scrap to mix in
Ere he'd gotten Menelicks in.

Crash! The armies came together,
All the Furies slipped their tether,
Romans fell like leaves in autumn.
"Ha!" cried Menelik, "I've got 'em."
Baratieri, wretched victim,
Never knew how Menelicked him.
Oh, the mis'ry! Oh, the pity!
Floored is the Eternal City.

A Soldier's Letter.

The neighborhood is all astir,
  Great is the fuss and fluster.
Together in a busy swarm
  The gossipmongers muster.
There's news on hand and when 'tis known,
  They'll all be feeling better
For somebody, some lucky soul,
  Has got a soldier's letter.

Tom, Dick or Harry—whosoe'er
  It may be, 'mid the rattle
Of guns and drums tells rudely of
  His baptism of battle.
No need has he with arts of speech
  Ingeniously to juggle;
Howe'er he writes, they know he was
  A hero in the struggle.

A qualm he felt, he freely states,
When bullets first fell near him,
But soon the fighting craze came on
And nought on earth could "skeer" him.
What odds that life at such a time
Was hardly worth a penny!
His cartridge belt he emptied and
He slew—dear knows how many.

Jack at his right was stricken down,
And at his left fell Eddie.
But still his nerve was iron-like,
And still his hand was steady.
And when a bullet grazed his head
And left a furrow gory,
It simply riled him. Twice as hard
He fought then for Old Glory.

He saw the brave Rough Riders charge;
He saw guerillas shooting.
He helped to take San Juan and send
The Spanish outposts scooting.
And still he's living, safe and sound,
With not a thing to grieve him
Except a touch of Yellow Jack,
And that will quickly leave him.

The folks at home with swelling hearts
And eyes that oft need drying,
Devour the simple tale and set
The family colors flying.
For mark it well, not all the mails
In all creation carry
Such precious news as that which comes
From Tom or Dick or Harry.

When the Snow Melts.

Slush, slush, slush!—
  There are seas and lakes of mud,
And pedestrians rash to ruin rush
  And fall with a sullen thud.
For the street is slippy yet
  And threatens misfortune dire,
And it's oh for the hapless ones upset
  And wallowing in the mire.

The small boy whoops and hoots,
  He shows no sign of dread,
But scoots along in his rubber boots
  Dragging a bumping sled.
For youth is wild and rash,
  Nor fears the tempest's wrath,
But covets the chance to slide and splash
  And yearns for a muddy bath.

The maiden coy and prim,
  With skirts pulled up around,
At fearful hazard to life and limb
  Covers the doubtful ground.
She shrieks—she slips—she goes.
  'Tis an awful sight, ah me!—
When the slush engulfs those stainless hose
  And dainty lingerie.

The stately merchant prince,
  With shining silken tile,
Too proud in danger's face to wince
  Moves in a pompous style.
And the coarse, unfeeling crowd,
  And the kids en route to school,
Assail his ears with laughter loud
  When he sits in a slimy pool.

Oh, where is the singer sweet
  That warbled years ago
A song of praise in verses neat
  About the beautiful snow?
That guy was off his base,
  He knew not nature's law,
That snow some day must needs give place
  To a foul and clammy thaw.

Slush, slush, slush!—
  After ev'ry snow it comes.
No use for giddy bards to gush—
  'Tis umbrellas we need and gums,
And the poet's magic lyre
  Is sorely out of tune,
In these days of the petticoat daubed with mire
  And the soaking pantaloon.

Merriman's Bar.

Merriman's Bar—who has not heard tell
Of that ill-omened spot with its evil spell?
When the water is low, its white sands gleam
'Mid the waters swift of Ohio's stream.
When the water is high 'tis lost to sight,
Like a thief that's hid in the shades of night.
And then neither sunshine nor friendly star
Betrays the location of Merriman's Bar.

Merriman's Bar. At the very name
A shudder convulses the mariner's frame.
"Ah me!" he sighs. "What a dead soft snap
I'd have were it not for that old death trap!
What a pleasure a sailor's life would be
If from breakers and snags his course were free,
And no vagrant plank or wand'ring spar
Told tales of wreck on Merriman's Bar."

But no! O ye that the waters ride,
Must often alas! lay hope aside
And await the worst as a watch ye keep
On the trackless paths of the vasty deep.
For man, proud man, is a creature frail
Whose pow'rs full oft are of small avail.
And he seldom, if ever, is up to par
When he runs aground on Merriman's Bar.

'Tis a gallant sight when the coalboats gay
From the Pittsburg landings sail away.
Mothers and wives, with a furtive tear,
Watch the lordly vessels disappear.
And with quivering lips and long-drawn sigh
Those dear ones murmur a last "Good-bye!"
Well do they know that the bold Jack Tar
May go down to his ruin at Merriman's Bar.

'Tis a sad, sad sight when the news comes in
Of terrible danger to kith and kin.
At the bulletin boards a surging crowd
Is seen, and with grief all heads are bow'd,
When the word is pass'd that with sick'ning crash
A clipper-built barge has gone to smash.
Ah, Juggernaut with his destroying car
Doesn't half size up with Merriman's Bar.

Who was Merriman? What was his game,
And why did his doings belie his name?
Blank are the records; they give no guide
To this great promoter of homicide.
But whoever he was and whatever he meant,
He has wrought out a purpose malevolent.
And 'tis time for Progress to hitch up her car
And triumphantly haul away Merriman's Bar.

Santa Claus.

Up in the mountains high, high, high,
There's a jolly old chap with a glist'ning eye.
In a workshop quaint he hammers and saws,
And the name on his sign is Santa Claus.

There's where he turns out Christmas toys
Ready for bright little girls and boys,
With knives and chisels and cans of paint
He works all day, does that jolly old Saint.

At early morn when the mail comes in
He goes through it all with a jolly old grin,
For it fills his heart with intense delight
To read ev'ry word that the children write.

"Santa Dear, won't you kindly bring
A jointed doll and a nice gold ring,
And a baby carriage and candy, too?"
"Aha!" says the Saint, "That's just what I'll do."

"Santa, please, down the chimney come
With a punching bag and a gun and a drum.
And skates and boots and a sled for me.
"Aha!" says the Saint, "I'll be there, you'll see."

"Santa, dear, do not pass us by.
A turkey fat and a nice mince pie
Are all we want." Says the Saint, "Never mind
A Christmas dinner for you I'll find."

"Santa, dear, you must not suppose
That 'tis toys we want, for we're short of clothes.
Can't you slip our dad a ten-dollar bill?"
"Aye," says his Saintship, "that's what I will."

So he hammers and saws and he cuts and he sews,
And he packs up jewels and toys and clothes.
And he chops down trees which you'd better believe
He'll be trimming himself on Christmas eve.

Dear old Saint! If it wasn't for him
Christmas Day might be bleak and grim.
And old and young have the very best cause
To be glad that the world has a Santa Claus.

The Thanksgiving Bird.

The eagle is lord of a noble dominion,
Majestic he soars 'twixt the earth and the sky,
And hov'ring aloft on imperial pinion,
He holds his levee on the Fourth of July.
From the tropics clear up to the region that's polar,
His soul-stirring notes are with reverence heard,
And he's only eclipsed by that other high roller,
America's stand-by, the Thanksgiving bird.

The trav'ler who roams about hither and yonder
Hears many a vain and inordinate boast;
The proud South American brags of his condor—
Just think of that fowl for a Thanksgiving roast!
Wild Africans point to that top-heavy wobbler,
The long-legged ostrich, with pride that's absurd.
Ah, there's none can compare with our own turkey gobbler,
Supreme in his tribe is the Thanksgiving bird.

The ibis, the lyre bird, the stately flamingo,
The snipe and the pheasant, the grouse and the quail,
Are glorified freely in all sorts of lingo
And figure in many a luminous tale.

The partridge is dainty, the woodcock enticing,
The wild duck by epicures oft is preferred;
But if life with the greatest of joys you'd be spicing,
You're bound to fall back on the Thanksgiving bird.

No need of a touch from the hand of a wizard
Controlling the arts of the mystic cuisine
To flavor his flesh. Leg and wing, neck and gizzard,
Are all proper fare for a king or a queen.
And as for the breast—oh, ye gourmands, confess it,
Your feelings thereby are resistlessly stirr'd.
You look for perfection and lo! you possess it,
Enshrined in the flesh of the Thanksgiving bird.

Then here's wishing luck to the man whose researches,
Pursued 'mid the tribes of the air and the field,
Brought second-class claimants adown from their perches
And first the rare charms of the Turkey revealed,
Yes, while we are feasting, let's duly remember
To recognize fondly the favor conferred
By whoever first thought in the month of November
Of crowning the board with the Thanksgiving bird.

The Day After Christmas.

The day after!—'Tis not very cheery,
The gilding has somehow worn off,
And Pa is decidedly weary
And Ma has a raspy old cough,
To the spirit so keenly vivacious
That yesterday all of us fired,
There succeeds a reaction ungracious,—
Mankind is dejected and tired.

Santa Claus is no longer enchanting
The spell that hung round him has fled.
And he leaves but a memory haunting
The soul with unspeakable dread.
For he comes pretty high and when, after
His visit, the bills come to hand,
There's an end of melliflous laughter
And woe is abroad in the land.

Then the little ones—bless 'em!—have striven
Their holiday gifts to wipe out,
And the costliest playthings are riven
Apart at the very first bout.
An unmendable cripple is "dollie,"
Collapsed are the drum and the horn;
How could any young hopefuls be jolly
To-day as they were yestermorn!

Like some downcast and penitent sinner
That's forfeited caste and repute
One looks back on that large turkey dinner
With mincemeat and pudding to boot.
Ah, if man would but think of the morrow,
When haply himself thus he fills,
There would be no post-prandial sorrow,
Inclusive of potions and pills.

'Tis too bad that the carnival festive
Should lose its attraction so fast
That satiety should get the best of
The happiest mortal at last,
That the goblet of pleasure heart-warming
Should always be doomed to be spilt.
But there's no use in fuming and storming,
You see, 'tis the way that we're built.

Princeton Inn.

At Princeton Inn, that hallowed place
Where sordid chasers never chase,
And bleary topers never try
With morning drams to ope the eye,
There's trouble now. An evil star
Has risen o'er the guileles bar
And brought dark obloquy and scorn
On gentle mug and peaceful horn,
Aye, there's a coarse hubbub and din
At Princeton Inn.

The sober souls that gather there
Indulge no thoughts of "jag" or "tear."
Grave scientists of mien austere
In solemn conclave sip their beer
And now and then a pretzel munch
Which serves 'em as a frugal lunch.
But stronger stimulants are scorned
And no one thinks of getting "corned,"
For there's no whisky, rum or gin
At Princeton Inn.

Sometimes collegians strike the spot,
Pretending that a time red-hot
They love not but prefer, in fact,
The temperate and frugal act.
And this ingenious little game
Gives many a festive cuss the name
Of walking straight, whereas, you see
A lallycooler he may be.
There's none to doubt or cry "Too thin"
At Princeton Inn.

At times G. Cleveland, noble soul!—
Drops in to drain a friendly bowl.
And while the foaming malt he sips,

Wise words fall from his honored lips.
Then do the scientists make free
To clink their mugs and drink to G.
Who thus benignly condescends
To tipple mildly with his friends.
How nice that statesmen yarns should spin
At Princeton Inn.

But lo, the synods, pausing not
To learn who's who or what is what,
Pounce on this peaceful, harmless place
And call it ev'rything that's base.
And hence unless the Profs. rebel
G. C. must hunt a new hotel
And scientists and all that ilk
Must wash their pretzels down with milk
Whereat most men will give the grin
To Princeton Inn.

At the Ringside.

The brutal sport is finished,
The butchery is o'er,
The lawless, heartless sluggers
Have bathed themselves in gore.
And righteous people murmur,
Disgusted with the strife,
"Fitzsimmons is a corker
From Corkville—betcher life."

Like beasts of prey those sluggers
Mixed up within the ring,
And unto one another
They "didn't do a thing."
The world, appalled, beheld 'em,
And Conscience wide awake
Cried out, "This fight's a cuckoo,
And no dodgasted fake."

As when the tiger hungry
  Leaps forth with wicked howl,
Jim jumped upon Fitzsimmons
  And jabbed him in the jowl.
And moralists indignant
  To see the cruel fun,
Observed, "Our stuff's on Corbett,
  We'll lay you two to one."

As when the dread hyena
  Proceeds to tear and claw,
Fitz hurled himself on Corbett
  And plunked him in the jaw.
Whereat right-thinking people
  With wrath began to storm
And shrieked, "Tho' Jim is hot stuff,
  Bob certainly is warm."

Oh, cruel, cruel carnage!
  Bob rose in round fourteen,
And with his deadly mitten
  Banged Corbett in the spleen.
And as the erstwhile champion
  Went down ith gurgling sob,
The world yelled, "Shame upon ye!
  Hooray for Lanky Bob!"

Yea. E'en while we prohibit
  In all the states save one
The shocking, vicious prize fight,
  Which all men ought to shun,
Our wrath pro tem. we smother,
  And somehow cause enough
We find to yell like sixty,
  "Fitzsimmons is the stuff."

Trump Cards.

With a card up his sleeve,
The redoubtable Platt,
Feeling ripe for a spat,
At St. Louis arrives.
He looks daggers and knives,
And he hopes to retrieve
Levi's fortunes depressed.
Yes, he's doing his best
With a card up his sleeve.

With a card up his sleeve,
Tommy Reed comes from Maine.
"Have I labored in vain
As congressional czar?"
He exclaims. "Must my star
The bright firmament leave?"
Though by Manley thrown down,
He's still after the crown.
With a card up his sleeve.

With a card up his sleeve,
Matthew Quay comes around,
Looking over the ground.
He has little to say,
But 'twill be a cold day
When opponents deceive
Or play tricks upon Matt.
He is ready for that
With a card up his sleeve.

With a card up his sleeve,
Old Man Allison bold
In his fealty to gold,
Isn't yielding a bit,
For though sentenced to quit,
He expects a reprieve.
Holding out to the last,
By his claims he stands fast,
With a card up his sleeve.

With a card up his sleeve,
Hanna gets in the game,
And enlivens the same
By the way that he swings
Winning aces and kings,
Which his rivals aggrieve.
And he swears that he knows
He'll come in at the close
With a card up his sleeve.

With a card up his sleeve,
That's the way it is done.
That's the way that they run
Our conventions, for why
Should old Vox Populi
Any conquest achieve,
Since it fails to chip in
Where professionals win
With a card up his sleeve?

A Blue Sunday.

In the parks the lounging masses
Waited for the Sunday band,
Waited for the wood and brasses,
Marshaled under deft command.
But in vain the people waited.
Dulcet strains were not in store,
And a voice ejaculated:
"Sunday music? Nevermore."

In advance the unsuspecting
Players had their gems rehearsed,
And the geniuses directing
For new triumphs were athirst.
But the news that they were sat on
Made 'em shudder, made 'em gasp,
Ah, 'twas sad to see the baton
Drop from Guenther's nerveless grasp.

Brisk fantasias, swift potpourris,
Nocturnes in a minor key,
Two steps, sarabands and bourrees,
Opera bijouterie,
All these things with care selected,
Had been programmed. Who'd have thought
That such efforts well directed
Should be doomed to come to naught?

But 'twas so. A veto solemn
Fell upon the loud trombone,
On the E flat what-d'ye-call 'em,
On cornet and saxophone.
Some unfeeling Mrs. Grundy,
Tired of cymbals, drum and fife,
Wrathful cried: "What! play on Sunday
In the parks? Not on your life."

To the people this embargo
Seemed like putting on a gag,
For they sighed for Handel's "Largo"
And the tempo of the "rag."
And they wanted things pathetic,
Such as music halls emit.
But they got the word splenetic,
"Sunday music? Aber nit."

Say who is the sour offender,
Who the tyrant that demands
That our people shall surrender
Interest in Sunday bands?
Let us hunt him up and show him
What is what. With horns immense
Off the earth let's promptly blow him,
Scouting thus his vile offense.

Lil's Restoration.

With teardrops in her lovely eyes
The Sandwich Lily came
To Grover,
Good old Grover.
To reassume her queenly guise
She sweetly filed a claim
With Grover,
Good old Grover.
Says she, "Oh, Mr. President, you're chivalrous, I know;
You could not be a party to a lady's overthrow,
And hence for restoration quite confidingly I go
To Grover,
Good old Grover."

Her skin as dark as Erebus,
Her air of regal grace
Caught Grover,
Good old Grover.
"I'm happy madam, to discuss
Your interesting case."
Quoth Grover,
Good old Grover.
"Your dusky kind of beauty has its own peculiar charm
That moves me to relieve you from the slightest dread of harm;
If any one is competent your foemen to disarm
'Tis Grover,
Good old Grover."

He summoned then the cabinet,
Which held a grave pow-wow
With Grover,
Good old Grover.
They said, "We'll help the lady yet,
And set her right somehow,
Through Grover,
Good old Grover.

The age of chivalry endures; on that 'tis safe to bank;
And since some scamps have ventured Lily's crown
away to yank,
Who is there in the universe that can restore her rank
But Grover,
Good old Grover?"

The foremost goldsmith in the town,
Was summoned and he came
To Grover,
Good old Grover.
"Oh, make me quick a golden crown
With jewels in the same,"
Said Grover,
Good old Grover.
The crown was made; no monarch could a finer head-
dress wear;
Instanter it was placed upon the Lily's kinky hair,
And now the greatest man on earth, Hawaiians all
declare,
Is Grover,
Good old Grover.

Chris Magee and Bill Flinn.

(Written when the venerable Pittsburg "Commercial Gazette" was convicted of libeling the city bosses).

Observe, ye journals up-to-date,
The poor Old Lady's painful fate,
Convicted of that awful sin
Of jumping on * * * * * and * * * * * *
Whose names to mention—curious fact!—
Henceforth is a felonious act.

Sometimes the press finds time you see,
To jump on * * * * * and roast * * * * *
And heretofore, in doing this,
It spoke of them as * * * * and * * * * *
Which lack of reverential awe
Must cease, for 'tis against the law.

'Twas often hinted that this pair
Of pious persons did their share
Of meddling in affairs of state
And meanwhile gath'ring riches great.
But now no man that drives a quill
May hint such things of * * * * * and * * * *

And oft when in the lobby they
Their plans with cunning art would lay,
Dark schemes concocting to outwit
That poor old stager, Father Pitt,
The press would howl. But now we'll miss
Those howls concerning * * * * and * * * * *

At Harrisburg the noble dukes
Likewise have gotten in their hooks.
And many a legislative pill,
Ill-flavored, came from * * * * * and * * * *
These things were shown up many a time,
But now—to breathe them is a crime.

Thus Providence prepares for us
A government anonymous.
Veiled prophets will our laws hand down
And in the dark control the town.
And only ringsters thick-and-thin
May name * * * * * or mention * * * * *

Wherefore, ye journals of our town,
Close up, keep dark, say nix, lie down.
And bid the men that type do set
To watch and guard the alphabet,
Lest lawless letters should get free
And form the names * * * * * and * * * * *

On a Mean May Day.

No use to call her early,
Call her early, mother dear,
For May Day's getting meaner,
Getting meaner ev'ry year.
All day it drizzles, mother,
Giving ev'ry one the blues,
And celebrants wear rubber coats
And sloppy overshoes.
Oh, truly, such a day, mother,
Truly such a day
Is rough on the Queen o' the May, mother,
Rough on the Queen o' the May.

Don't waste your time, dear mother,
Vamping up a floral crown,
In half an hour or sooner
'Twould be soaked and wilted down.
The weather man sits waiting,
Dearest ma, to make a spring,
And to that poor old diadem
He wouldn't do a thing.
And this is no exception, ma,
It always is that way.
And 'tis rough on the Queen o' the May, mother,
Rough on the Queen o' the May.

Your girl is fair to look upon,
Her locks are burnished gold,
But, mother, she cannot afford
To catch her death of cold,
And if, O ma, in robes of white
She gayly prances round,
The gloomy undertaker man
Will plant her underground.
Pneumonia hunting for a chance
The young and fair to slay
Is rough on the Queen o' the May, mother,
Rough on the Queen o' the May.

Who talks about the Maypole
In a wild, romantic vein?
This Maypole nonsense, mother,
Gives to men of sense a pain.
To gambol on the greensward
When the flowers are in bud
Is well enough, but, bless you, ma'am!—
Who'd gambol in the mud?
'Tis mud that's holding sway, mother,
And mud that's holding sway
Is rough on the Queen o' the May, mother,
Rough on the Queen o' the May.

L'ENVOI.

Perhaps when we have gone to press
And when these lines are read,
The sunshine will have dried the earth,
And sorrow will have fled.
If so, O mother, let 'er rip,
Get out those robes of white,
And crown of flo'wrs and give to us
A vision of delight.
But the outlook is dark, we must say, mother,
Dreary and dark, we must say,
And 'tis rough on the Queen o' the May, mother,
Rough on the Queen o' the May.

Sousa Triumphans.

O Sousa, gallant Sousa,
With the marches that you wrote
Our warriors equipped themselves
And came and saw and smote.
No matter whom they had to fight,
In any foreign clime,
To the music of your two-steps
They could conquer ev'ry time.

When Dewey in Manila bay
His awful sweep began,
The band upon his flagship
Started up "El Capitan."
And thus inspired, our sailor lads
Got at and let 'er go
Till not a Spanish ship remained
To tell the tale of woe.

At Santiago, when Toral
His arms was laying down,
"The Stars and Stripes Forever"
Stirred the echoes of the town.
And when our conq'ring flag was raised,
Drum, trumpet and bassoon
Topped off the ceremony
With a rattling Sousa tune.

In forests, where guerillas lurked,
In trenches damp and drear,
The grim and seasoned regular
And homesick volunteer
Alike forgot their troubles
And no more were feeling glum
When somebody bethought himself
A Sousa march to hum.

"A Hot Time" figured also;
There are words to that, you know;
But though the tune is warm, it lacks
The Sousa swing and go.
To stir our lusty lads ashore
And gallant tars afloat,
There's nothing half so jolly as
The things that Sousa wrote.

Then here's to Hero Sousa,
To that king of fighting men
Who routs the foe completely
With his paper and his pen.
Bow down, ye foreigners, bow down;
We do not care a cuss
For the whole confounded universe
While Sousa writes for us.

Titwillie.

On the avenue sidewalk a willie-boy stood
Sing willie, titwillie, titwillie,
Putting on all the style that a willie-boy could
Sing willie, titwillie, titwillie.
He was feeble of limb and defective in brain,
But his hair it was banged and he carried a cane.
Those who passed him remarked, for they couldn't refrain,
" Oh willie, titwillie, titwillie."

As the willie-boy puffed at his mild cigarette,
Sing willie, titwillie, titwillie,
He fancied he was of the fair sex the pet,
Sing willie, titwillie, titwillie.
So he ogled the girls in a languishing style,
Feeling sure that their hearts he would thusly beguile,
And he cared not for folks who observed with a smile,
" Oh willie, titwillie, titwillie."

A lass came along who was wondrously fair,
Sing willie, titwillie, titwillie,
The willie-boy, seeing her, lisped out, "Ah there!"
Sing willie, titwillie, titwillie.
In those two little words what he meant to convey
Was that love at first sight to the heart found the way,
And besides that's the thing that all willie-boys say,
Sing willie, titwillie, titwillie.

The lass passed along as if nothing she'd heard,
Sing willie, titwillie, titwillie.
But the willie-boy's soul by her beauty was stirred,
Sing willie, titwillie, titwillie.
So he followed her quickly and reaching her side,
With his cane in the air, and his eyes opened wide,
Said "Ah there" once again—he would not be denied,
" Oh willie, titwillie, titwillie."

It happened alas! that the lady unkind,
Sing willie, titwillie, titwillie.
Had a husband, who just then was walking behind,
Sing willie, titwillie, titwillie.
The husband was tall and of ponderous weight,
And the way he went after that masher was great.
Did the willie-boy skip? No, indeed, 'twas too late,
Sing willie, titwillie, titwillie.

Ely's Great Home Run.

Tradition tells of paladins who met in fearful fights,
And swung their broadswords round their heads and smote tremendous smites;
Of knights who single-handed fought and laid whole armies flat;
Of Richard who on Saladin victoriously sat.
Great heroes these, but all their famous feats rolled into one
Look feeble by comparison with Ely's great home run.

You've heard of Ely. Such a strange anatomy he owns
That people widely know him by the sobriquet of "Bones."
He's shortstop for our Pittsburg team, but when to rip and snort
And tear things up old "Bones" begins no pow'r can stop him short;
And so he turned things upside down till e'en the shining sun
Stood still and gasped astonishment at Ely's great home run.

Eight innings had been played, the ninth was drawing to a close;
The score it stood at 3 to 2 in favor of our foes.
For Boston, full of ginger and of chipperness and gall,

Had certainly been putting up a famous game of ball.
Two men were out. Our boys, it seemed, were totally undone;
Such was the lay-out at the time of Ely's great home run.

The crowd, which thought the jig was up, was moving off the ground,
When click!—there came from Ely's bat the sharp, decisive sound
Which tells of leather fiercely swiped. Great Christmas! Could it be
That "Bones" was doing business? Ev'ry eye was strained to see.
Then from two thousand throats there came the cry, "Well done, well done!"
And ev'ry one went crazy over Ely's great home run.

Oh, what a fearful swipe that was! The leather traveled hence
Away to farthest center field and landed at the fence,
While "Bones" around the bases skipped at locomotive speed,
And landed home, a hero and a conqueror, indeed.
And Boston, which supposed itself to have the battle won,
Fell flat beneath the crushing weight of Ely's great home run.

Our Own, inspired by Ely's feat, came nobly to the fore,
And in the tenth another run they added to the score.
Aye, from the jaws of dire defeat a victory was snatched,
And poor old Boston sneaked away, undone and overmatched.
Ah, boys, that was a record. Other feats may shine but none,
Past or present, figures in the class with Ely's great home run.

"Sic Transit."

As Sully fell and Corbett, too,
So Fitz at last goes tumbling down.
Another hero wears the crown.
Ring out the old; ring in the new.

Ring out the pride of lanky Bob,
Ring out the laurels that he bore
Away from far New Zealand's shore,
'Mid plaudits from the howling mob.

Ring out his long and nobby string
Of finish fights, with ev'ry bout
Concluding with a clean knock-out.
To such old mem'ries who will cling?

Ring out the glory that he won
When Dempsey, Goddard, Maher, all
Before his prowess had to fall.
All that is past. His day is done.

Ring out his triumph unexcelled
When with a solar plexus thrust
He laid Jim Corbett in the dust
And thenceforth sway imperial held.

Ring out the oceans of long green
That surged around him while the crowd
To shake his royal hand felt proud
And "hollered" for the great "champeen."

Ring out the floods of interviews,
The cuts of Fitz in every style,
His demon grin, his fatal smile,
The endless "ads" dished up as news.

Ring out the plays of garish hue
Wherein the mighty fistic star
Was wont to punch the bag and spar
A condescending round or two.

Ring out the rivers of champagne
Set up by those that sang his praise.
Likewise the ladies with bouquets
That followed in the hero's train.

Ring out, wild bells, and let your tune
Bid him that cut so wide a swath
Go hence and follow Corbett's path
And run an up-to-date saloon.

For lo, in the ethereal blue
A brand-new star is shining high.
"Hurrah for Jeff!" the people cry.
Ring out the old; ring in the new.

Harrisburg In '97.

O Harrisburg, du schoene stadt,
Where legislators dwell,
Where men of guile on jobs grow fat
And statutes buy and sell.
Your streets are paved with good, long green,
Your founts with boodle flow,
And from your statesmanlike machine
Reformers get no show.

O Harrisburg, you know the way
To close the public eye.
Full oft upon election day
You work that same old guy.
To lead a better life you swear,
And voters cry "Amen!"
But just as soon as you get there
You turn us down again.

O Harrisburg, two years ago,
You burned with honest zeal.
You promised to reform, you know,
This blessed commonweal.
But now your weather eye you wink,
And tell us with a sneer:
"Yes, we're reformers, we don't think.
Call round some other year."

O Harrisburg, within your hand
You hold the G. O. P.
Its hopes and prospects you command,
'Tis ruled by your decree.
And at the next election-tide,
Oh, say, perfidious town,
How can you then the record hide
That drags the party down?

O Harrisburg, your boodlers rush
In squadrons and brigades.
To-day they all are in the push
And each the cash box raids.
Strong men must groan and women weep
This carnival to see,
And Democrats prepare to sweep
From earth the G. O. P.

O Harrisburg, du schoene stadt,
The state would plan and scheme
To sink you, if it knew what's what,
In Susquehanna's stream.
And honest men upon the bank
In pray'rful style would kneel,
And cry together "Gott sei Dank"—
That's how the people feel.

Theology Up to Date.

In the town that's known to many
By the name of Allegheny,
So recorded in its charter,
There's a far-famed pious quarter,
Where the spectacled scholastic
Under regulations drastic
Cut out for a theologian
Toils and struggles like a Trojan
And by light of midnight taper
Feeds on book and pen and paper.

Dominies severely ruling
Carry on the work of schooling.
Now in phrases finely rounded
Puzzling doctrines are expounded.
Now baldheaded old ascetics
Drill the class in homiletics
Or the souls of students harrow
With old P. Virgilius Maro,
Homer, Livy and, for ballast,
Caesar, Cicero and Sallust.

All the young men, wearing glasses,
In their rooms or in their classes
Are required to lead a level
Sort of life and shun the d—l.
Laws more harsh than those of Draco
Smite the user of tobacco.
Or the scamp who in a sly way
Winks at females on the highway.
Each must be a truly good 'un
And display a visage wooden.

But—alas that any vandal
Should promote so great a scandal!—

Rumor says that, scorning rigid
Rules and regulations frigid,
Pious youths their virtue slacken
And improper games fall back on;
That by light of midnight tapers
They indulge in worldly capers,
Crying, free from ev'ry fetter,
"Ante up, boys. Jacks or better."

"Jacks or better!"—Moral science
Shudders at the bold defiance;
Meek theology goes under,
Homiletics fall asunder,
Seeing thus scholastics trample
On all precept and example,
And deport themselves as jaunty
Followers of penny ante.
Ah, 'tis sinful ways they grope in
When the festive jackpot's open.

Haste, then, dominies. Oh, hasten
To rebuke and eke to chasten.
Jump upon the faithless sinner
Who comes out a four-time winner.
And when outraged virtue crushes
Houses full and bobtailed flushes
Then, perchance, in Allegheny
Satan will be "not so many."
Now, if you'd completely daze 'em,
See the scalawags and raise 'em.

To an Old Umbrella.

Hail, old umbrella! Tempest-scarred
And wobbly as thou art,
One cannot help but view thee, pard,
With kindliness of heart.

Although thy ribs are out of gear,
Although thy coat is torn,
For thee there is no covert sneer,
No epithet of scorn.

For in thy old age, thou art proof
Against the itching hands
That somehow ne'er can hold aloof
From one's umbrella-stands.

In railway trains thou mayst be left
Untouched by those that loot.
Thy owner cannot be bereft
Of thee, old parachute.

If thou wert made of silken stuff,
With silver mountings gay,
Thieves could not hurry fast enough
To carry thee away.

But, old "umbrell," the duty's thine
To hold thy place as yet,
To travel with us when 'tis fine
And vanish when 'tis wet.

At home in leisure thou shalt lie
When rain begins to pour,
But when there is a cloudless sky,
Be always to the fore.

Such is thy custom, aged gamp—
With innocence demure,
To hide thyself in weather damp
And hold a sinecure.

But. bless thy ancient heart, why not
Thus slumber on the shelf?
If we were an "umbrell," that's what
We'd like to do ourself.

Mary's Garden.

Mary had a garden patch,
It measured two by four ;
She was a floral amateur,
Just this and nothing more.
She had some little garden tools,
A spade, a rake, a hoe,
And ev'ry seed that Mary sowed
Was certain not to grow.

A seedsman heard of Mary's fad;
He grinned a wicked grin
And sent her gorgeous catalogues
With colored plates therein.
The lily and the queenly rose,
Geraniums red and white
Grew lavishly on ev'ry page
To Mary's great delight.

And there were dahlias many-hued,
Verbenas, pansies, stocks,
Chrysanthemums and marguerites
And tow'ring hollyhocks.
The tulip and the hyacinth,
The castor bean so tall,
Quoth Mary, "These are out of sight,"
I've got to have 'em all."

Soon ev'ry train and ev'ry mail
Brought in a precious freight
Of floral things that Mary thought
She'd neatly propagate.
And soon with hoe and rake and spade
She delved and dug and scratched;
"I'll have a garden," Mary said,
"That can't on earth be matched."

But fortune on poor mortals oft
Is predisposed to frown;
It proved that Mary's choicest bulbs
Were planted upside down.
Her finest seeds—just think of this!—
'Twould make an angel weep—
Grew not at all because they had
Been buried three feet deep.

The plants she purchased ready made
Took sick and pined away;
Somehow the soil that Mary used
Set everything astray.
And when the gayest ones were gone,
For reasons unexplained,
Ten million bugs came prancing 'round
And ate up what remained.

At this the maid threw up her hands,
She'd done the best she could;
But now she yielded and her tools
Were used for kindling wood.
And if she ever should again
Attempt the floral lay,
She'll hunt some German gard'ner up
And hire him by the day.

At the Art Gallery.

Now the crowd with expectancy eager,
And burning desire in its heart,
Presses onward, resolved to beleaguer
Carnegie's great temple of art.
A truce to malevolent strictures,
A truce to foul jealousy's taint,
While the mob is turned loose on the pictures
And revels sublimely in paint.

There are critics, of course, pompous fellows,
Descanting with loud "haws" and "hems,"
On the blues and the reds and the yellows
In exquisite classical gems.
Each of talent at home is a spurner;
Thereat they consumedly scoff
And they rave over Landseer and Turner
And Rubens, and won't be called off.

But the common unlettered "Hoi Polloi"
Enjoy ev'ry canvas in sight.
They find Rembrandt uncommonly jolly
And Vandyck a source of delight.
They give way to the witching concoctions
Of Whistler and Bouguereau, too,
And go wild over local productions
And never once know which is who.

Tell them not about tints ineffective,
And ill-managed shadows and lights.
Don't bore them by talking perspective,
They care not to soar to such heights.
Please keep mum on Pre-Raphaelite schooling
And Renaissance methods, unless
With a buzz-saw you're bent upon fooling,
And carry the thing to excess.

No, let folks neither skilled nor presuming,
Just follow the catalogue's lead,
And read up on each masterpiece blooming
Without to the source giving heed.
For the acme of popular pleasure,
Unmarr'd by a drawback or hitch,
Is to view each pictorial treasure
And not know the t'other from which.

Bolting Time.

"Bolt, bolt, bolt!"
'Tis the universal cry,
And the faction that can't get a strangle "holt"
Is sure the plan to try.

The silver-gilt Prohib
Is first to fly the track.
You can tell from the cut of his beaming jib
That he'll never again come back.

Don't talk to him of rum,
Of the soul-destroying cup.
He is pounding his toy financial drum
And won't be bottled up.

And the stately schooners flit
For a nickel across the bar,
But Prohibition in twain is split
And has lost its guiding star.

St. John, the Kansan sleek,
Triumphant leads the way.
He carries a tempting silver brick
To lead the Prohibs astray.

"Heed not the drinking horn,
But come with me," he cries,
And the National party thus is born
And dons a warlike guise.

So, too, within the ranks
Of older parties lurk
A host of furious silver cranks
Ready for ugly work.

And the Grand Old Party quails
As the antics queer it sees
Of Bill McKinley trimming his sails
To suit 'most any breeze.

"Speak out, McKinley, speak,"
The Stalwarts wildly call,
But in William's views there's never a leak,
He will not speak at all.

And it's oh for the fatal day
When into St. Louis troop
The delegates! Fully convinced are they
That somebody'll fly the coop.

The Democrats, too, are pained,
And Harrity can't but weep,
For his followers, rather than be restrained,
Will scatter abroad like sheep.

And November's ides may see,
To the regulars' great dismay,
Heretical mobs from parties three,
All on the bolting lay.

Bolt, bolt, bolt,
Oh, what wonder that bosses "cuss?"
For the good old days, with nary a jolt,
May never come back to us.

The Crime of '73.

The truth we'll now unfold about
The crime of '73.
No more can men afford to doubt
The crime of '73.
All ills to which the flesh is heir,
All sorts of worry, woe and care
Result from that most foul affair,
The crime of '73.

What injures men that never toil?
The crime of '73.
What makes the blood of shirkers boil?
The crime of '73.

What causes folks to dodge their bills?
What drives a few to tapping tills?
What is the root of human ills?
The crime of '73.

What was it led to Noah's flood?
The crime of '73.
What laid out Caesar in his blood?
The crime of '73.
What brought Ould Ireland 'neath the yoke
Of England and her heart nigh broke.
Oh, Pat, it was— this is no joke—
The crime of '73.

What caused the London plague and fire?
The crime of '73.
What caused in France rebellion dire?
The crime of '73.
What did a hapless British king,
Whose barons had him on a string,
Repeal? It was that same old thing,
The crime of '73.

What led to Joan of Arc's crusade?
The crime of '73.
What killed off Nolan's Light Brigade?
The crime of '73.
What was it that in Asia bred
The cholera, which black ruin spread
Abroad? Ah, 'twas that monster dread,
The crime of '73.

What is behind the Bryan boom?
The crime of '73.
What fills the Pops with wrath and gloom?
The crime of '73.
And what impels irreverent folk
With wicked merriment to choke?
It is that source of many a croak,
The crime of '73.

The Return of the Crinoline.

The hoopskirt is coming; Dame Fashion's decree
Is bringing it hither from over the sea;
And our girls, it appears, ('tis a thing to deplore)
Must go back to the togs that their grandmothers wore.

O woman, sweet woman! how hard is thy case,
To be thus, nolens volens, enlarged at the base,
And, without an appreciable chance of escape,
To be forced to assume a pyramidal shape.

What wonder that youths of an amorous turn
Breathe curses intense and with wrathfulness burn?
Of woman's caprice they'll of course be the dupes,
For there's no hope of hugging a charmer in hoops.

The waltz!—dear, oh dear, there's an end of all that;
Never more can a chap feel the loud pit-a-pat
Of a feminine heart on his shoulder so stout,
Since the crinoline—infamous thing!—bars him out.

Alas for the sidewalk, already too small,
A couple of ladies will cover it all,
And the streets will be closed against masculine craft
When the "gals" promenade every Saturday "aft."

The street railway trav'ler who's sandwiched between
Two females will yearn to decamp from the scene;
Oh, 'tis easy to guess how a fellow must feel
When environed with whalebone and girdled with steel.

Is there no dress reformer, with gumption enough
To inflict on this evil an early rebuff,
And induce the dear girls, ere they've pushed things too
far,
To fall back upon trousers, or stay as they are?

If not, then, by Jove, let us males all unite
In a prayer that Boreas will rise in his might
And send forth such a blast, bringing woe and dismay,
As will fill up the hoopskirts and blow 'em away.

When Brennen Quits the Chair.

[Apropos of the Rumored Resignation of the Democratic Chairman of Allegheny County, Pa.]

The stars above will cease to shine
  When Brennen quits the chair;
The bosses will their crowns resign
  When Brennen quits the chair.
Our millionaires will help the poor,
Physicians will not kill, but cure,
And councils will be good and pure
  When Brennen quits the chair.

Ed Bigelow will economize
  When Brennen quits the chair.
The "Times" no more will deal in lies
  When Brennen quits the chair.
The Coxey scheme will win the day,
The month of June will come in May,
And the Pope will join the A. P. A.
  When Brennen quits the chair.

Bill Flinn will cease to legislate
  When Brennen quits the chair.
Prohibs. will all get on a skate
  When Brennen quits the chair.
Speak-easies will be free to run,
Installment men will cease to dun,
The moon will overpower the sun
  When Brennen quits the chair.

The traction roads will fares reduce
When Brennen quits the chair.
Saloons will sell no lightning juice
When Brennen quits the chair.
Defunct will be the coupon fake,
G. Cleveland will free trade forsake,
And "pugs" will fight without a stake
When Brennen quits the chair.

Old Prob the truth will always tell
When Brennen quits the chair.
Brazilians won't again rebel
When Brennen quits the chair.
No dude will smoke a cigarette,
Phil Flinn on candidates won't bet
And water won't be very wet
When Brennen quits the chair.

John Larkin will with Sipe agree
When Brennen quits the chair.
The British will set Ireland free
When Brennen quits the chair.
Herr Most will wash his hairy face,
The "Leader" won't be pressed for space
And Breckinridge will win his case
When Brennen quits the chair.

The south will have no lynching mobs
When Brennen quits the chair.
B. Mullen will resign his jobs
When Brennen quits the chair.
Led on by Billy's action rash,
The universe, with awful crash,
Will split apart and go to smash
When Brennen quits the chair.

The Cycling Age.

All the world these days is riding
On a wheel.
To and fro mankind is sliding
On a wheel.
Universal the divorce is
From the thrall of mules and horses,
And the wise man swiftly courses
On a wheel.

Kings and princes do their ruling
On a wheel.
Children go to get their schooling
On a wheel.
Pedagogues who give instructions
In geometry and fluxions
Reach conclusions and deductions
On a wheel.

Preachers hurry to their preaching
On a wheel.
Public speakers do their "speeching"
On a wheel.
Babies on the bottle feeding
Nurses' care no more are needing,
For we let 'em go a-speeding
On a wheel.

Painters dally with their palettes
On a wheel.
Politicians purchase ballots
On a wheel.
Poets, careless of contusions,
Nurse their fancies and illusions
And produce their swift effusions
On a wheel.

Architects their plans unravel
On a wheel.
Moderators swing the gavel
On a wheel.
Pitchers practice curves deceiving,
Novelists, when plots they're weaving,
Peg along, with bosoms heaving,
On a wheel.

Concert singers take to trilling
On a wheel.
Weyler does his daily killing
On a wheel.
And McKinley with a knowing
Wink foresees good fortune flowing,
When all things ahead are going
On a wheel.

Coppers chase the bold law-breaker
On a wheel.
"Stiffs" hunt up the undertaker
On a wheel.
Bargain hunters go a-jewing,
Lovers in their pristine wooing
Do their billing and their cooing
On a wheel.

Yes, life's worth the living only
On a wheel.
No one's helpless, sad or lonely
On a wheel.
Then let's hope, to end the story,
That we'll all be hunky-dory
And go scorching off to glory
On a wheel.

George and the Hatchet.

Once more 'tis here, that famous date
Whereon the birth we celebrate
Of him who, howsoe'er he'd try,
Could never, never tell a lie—
Our nation's noblest, biggest gun,
The great and good G. Washington.

Great was the joy when first to Truth
George pledged himself in early youth.
Before that time his parents had
No special reverence for the lad.
"Boys will be boys," they said, and guessed
That George might yarn like all the rest.

Now George was much aggrieved to know
That people should regard him so.
And hence he watched his chance to make
Correction of the odd mistake.
"Zounds!" cried the lad, "I'll prove some day
That morally I am O. K."

It chanced that one fine Christmas morn
(Seven years had passed since George was born),
Chriskingle down the chimney slid
And left a hatchet for the kid.
'Twas small, but chroniclers agree
That it was famous cutlery.

"Aha!" said George when he awoke.
"Once more that old Chriskingle joke.
'Twas father that put up the tax
To purchase this incipient ax,
But punished for his trick he'll he:
I'll chop his fav'rite cherry tree,"

Thus saying, George went forth and played
Sad havoc with his keen-edged blade.
And soon that priceless cherry stood
A shapeless mass of kindling wood.
"Its place" quoth he, "they'll hardly fill.
It cost a twenty dollar bill."

Meanwhile the elder Washington
Unto the spot had traced his son.
"Unhappy youth" he howled, "I see
That someone's felled my priceless tree.
And from your hatchet, plain to view,
I'm reasonably sure 'twas You,"

"Father," said George, "I must confess
You've struck it at a single guess.
But touch me not. Learn now with shame,
I've tumbled to your Christmas game.
Mark my example, Dad, and try
Like Me to NEVER tell a lie."

The words struck home. The old man said,
"You're right, my boy. Great head, great head.
'Tis very clear that, as you state,
You can't and won't prevaricate."
And thus wound up the great event
That made G. Wash our President.

Plain William.

In his modest home at Canton, that blessed Buckeye
town,
Where pilgrims go to worship at his shrine,
Plain William sits a-waiting for the presidential crown
Which comes to him, you know, by right divine.
At St. Louis they have named him with a glorious
hurrah,
And committeemen will wait on him to-day
To inform him of his triumph, and before the boys with-
draw
In tones Napoleonic he will say:

Refrain.

"Just tell 'em that you saw me, and they will know the rest,
Just tell 'em I was looking well, you know,
Just tell 'em you surprised me, and the merry, merry jest
Will please 'em as it did long, long ago."

The major has a Fireside. A picture of the same
Is shown in ev'ry journal up-to-date.
The reason that 'tis utilized is simply to proclaim
That William is domestically straight.
At that dear old chimney corner, with associations sweet,
He will stand with swelling heart and flashing eye,
And in simple pious language, free from semblance of deceit,
To the notifying speeches he'll reply:

Ref: "Just tell 'em that you saw me," etc.

And William has relations. They're females ev'ry one—
Romantically guiding his career.
Historians inform us that when daily toil is done,
He fondly turns to gentle woman's sphere.
Ev'ry mention of this winning trait, so rare in public men,
Wins applause, and so in language soft and fond,
The committee will refer to it successfully, and then
The Plain One will immediately respond:

Ref: "Just tell 'em that you saw me," etc.

There are many kicking citizens, who oftentimes pretend
That presidential aspirants should speak
Unevasively and plainly, making clear how they intend
To act, if chosen to the place they seek.
So it may be said to William, "Will you drop the silver craze
And hoist the honest money flag at once?"
Whereupon the modest hero on the wall will fix his gaze
And murmur the appropriate response:

Ref: "Just tell 'em that you saw me," etc.

In November 'twill be settled whether William gets the plum
Or before the rabid enemy shall fall.
In the latter case 'tis understood that ruin's bound to come,
And play the very mischief with us all.
But no matter what the outcome is, we'll ne'er forget the day
When at Canton, with admirers grouped around,
That committee said to William, "Take the nomination, pray,"
And he replied with no uncertain sound:
Ref: "Just tell 'em that you saw me," etc.

Nansen.

In the European region
Tenanted by folks Norwegian,
Dwelt a youth of lore prolific,
Steeped in knowledge scientific.
Nansen—so his name is written—
With the polar craze was smitten;
Days and nights he passed in dreaming,
Plotting, planning, deeply scheming,
Ceasing not the hope to cherish
That he'd find the Pole or perish.

One fine day the King of Norway
Loafing at the palace doorway,
Noted Nansen, darkly musing
O'er his plans of polar cruising,
And the monarch philanthropic
Braced him on his favorite topic.
"Ah, my liege," said Nansen sadly,
"Cash I need and need it badly."
"Tut!" the king said. "I'll befriend you;
To the blamed old Pole I'll send you."

Soon a ship, the Fram, was ready,
Well-built, solid, stout and steady;
And with captain, mate and bos'n
Duly used to being frozen,
Nansen sailed away rejoicing
Praise for good King Oscar voicing.
"Soon," he said, "in matters polar
I shall be a true high roller,
And—oh, prospect full of rapture!
Easily the Pole I'll capture.

On he kept a-sailing, sailing,
Where the whalers go a-whaling,
Where the sealers go a-sealing
'Mid perpetual congealing.
Where when fields of ice are growing
Esquimaux go forth a-"mauing."
Where, a ton of clothing wearing,
White bear hunters go a-bearing,
And in advertising phrase he
Murmured "This Great Sail's a Daisy."

Finally his gallant vessel
Had with icebergs huge to wrestle
And the passageway to close up,
Ev'rything around him froze up.
No more laughed his sailors gladly;
"'Tis a frost," they whispered sadly.
"——it all," said Nanse profanely,
"Is my trip to wind up vainly?
Never. Fate may seek to balk it,
But by all the gods, I'll walk it."

Forth he skipped and walked with vigor,
Heeding not the season's rigor;
Walked and walked the ice fields over,
Yet no pole could he discover.
Not the smallest piece of timber

Showed itself. So tired and limber
After many days, the hero,
At a point far under zero,
Struck his flag, with anger burning
And resolved on home returning.

Homeward then he wandered, wandered,
Zigzagged, circled and meandered.
Lost himself and woe hung round him
When a cruising vessel found him.
"How's the Pole?" they asked him smiling
In a tone of voice beguiling.
But—this thing there's no romance in—
"Blank, blank, blank the Pole," said Nansen.

Marching Through Cuba.

Bring the good old bugle, boys, that's long been laid
away.
As she rang out years ago, so let'er ring to-day.
To the martial tunes of yore we'll rally to the fray,
As we go marching thro' Cuba.

Chorus:

Hurrah, Hurrah! we'll sound the jubilee,
When Cuba's sons from tyrant thrall are free.
Blanco and his cutthroat band we'll drive across the sea,
As we go marching thro' Cuba.

Gives us "Yankee Doodle," which in early days inspired
Gallant patriotic hearts with hope of freedom fired.
Blanco, when he hears the strain, will feel exceeding
tired,
As we go marching thro' Cuba.

Cho.—Hurrah, hurrah, etc.

Give us, while the drummers beat a glorious tattoo,
Stirring "Hail Columbia," and the old "Red, White and Blue."
At the very sound of 'em the Dons will hide from view.
As we go marching thro' Cuba.

Cho.—Hurrah, hurrah, etc.

Give us "Rally Round the Flag," and while we jest at scars
Let us have the Banner that is spangled o'er with stars,
Telling us the glory of our soldiers and Jack Tars,
As we go marching thro' Cuba.

Cho.—Hurrah, hurrah, etc.

Top 'er off with "Dixie," which to all men will attest
That the North and South are hand in hand and breast to breast,
Sending forth unitedly their bravest and their best,
As we go marching thro' Cuba.

Cho.—Hurrah, hurrah, etc.

Soon the thrilling echoes of these tunes will penetrate
To the heart of old Madrid and to her palace gate.
Get up, then, ye Dons, and "git" before it is too late,
As we go marching thro' Cuba.

Cho.—Hurrah, hurrah, etc.

Casabianca Redivivus.

The Boy, the Oratoric Boy,
Stood on the burning deck
And viewed with signs of fiendish joy
The Democratic wreck.

Around him fast and fiercely burned
The old Jacksonian craft.
Her ropes and spars to ashes turned
Afore and eke abaft.

What lit the terror-breeding fire?
What set the ship ablaze?
Alas for the misfortune dire!—
It was the silver craze.

Amid it all the Boy stood forth
And said with flashing eye:
"Call fifty cents a dollar's worth,
Or at my post I'll die."

In vain Jacksonians called to him
To quit the scene of woe.
He held his ground, stern-faced and grim;
The Youngster would not go.

"Proud youth," the old-time leaders said,
"To swift demise you're doomed."
But still the Youth with bulging head
Stood there to be consumed.

"I'm from the surging Platte," said he,
"I'm fresh from Omaha,
And, oh, I'll shout for silver free
Clear to Gehenna's maw."

The fire raged on. Its angry glow
Told of Destroying Fate.
The boy stuck fast. He would not go;
He was a candidate.

Soon one by one the older hands
Among the good ship's crew,
Slipped off, unmindful of commands,
In lifeboats, staunch and true.

There still remained a handful small
Around the nervy Lad.
The silver craze had made 'em all
Stark, staring, raving mad.

And so, while flames lit up the sky,
They danced a wild cancan,
And screamed: "The old ship we'll stand by
And Bryan is our man."

Soon burns the fire. Oh, will that Child
In ashes yet be laid?
Ask of the winds that make up wild
Bill Bryan's stock-in-trade.

Dewey.

Cool as a crystal chunk of ice
Is Dewey.
No need of warning or advice
For Dewey.
No foreign emperor or king
His funny tricks may haply spring,
For there, prepared for ev'rything,
Is Dewey.

Three months ago but few had heard
Of Dewey;
Small public notice was conferred
On Dewey.
No one to howls of joy gave vent
When to the far-off Orient
The first commands of war were sent
For Dewey.

McKinley's words were short and sweet
To Dewey:
"Go forth and smash the Spanish fleet,
Friend Dewey."
Did Dewey falter? Did he pause?
Or hesitate from any cause?
Nay. Into Ruin's very jaws
Went Dewey.

But Ruin somehow failed to fall
On Dewey.
Success was at the beck and call
Of Dewey.
Across explosive mines he skipped
And Spanish ships to pieces ripped.
Teetotally the Dons were whipped
By Dewey.

At first there were no troops to stand
By Dewey,
But still like iron was the hand
Of Dewey.
And when the Germans thought it cute
His regulations to dispute,
" Lie down, ye terriers, or I'll shoot."
Said Dewey.

If all commanders ruled the seas
Like Dewey,
All round we'd boss things with the ease
Of Dewey.
But bless you! while of sea dogs grim
And brave our stock is nowise slim,
The world can hold but one like him,
One Dewey.

The Merry Month of June.

Oh, the frost is on the dahlias and the rosebud is n. g.;
The nascent peach sustains a chill and dies upon the tree;
The birds abandon melody and mournful dirges croon,
Hoarsely hailing the arrival of the "merry month of June."

Fires that long have been extinguished are rekindled with a sigh,
And grate screens are abandoned till the sweeter by-and by.
Hot toddy strikes the spot again, and cough drops are a boon
To pneumonia-stricken wretches in the "merry month of June."

See the maiden in the shirtwaist. She has reason to repine.
A seriatim course of chills is trav'ling down her spine.
She sneezes and she wheezes and they'll plant her pretty soon
If she doesn't wear her flannels in the "merry month of June."

Mark that hectic looking citizen with pinched and hollow jaw.
He was the very first to wear a hat of Mackinaw.
He's looking now for rock-and-rye, and breathes in each saloon
Dark and dismal imprecations on the "merry month of June."

On the public highway still we see a visage worn and wan;
It is that super-previous lad, the hanky-panky man.
"I-i-scream!" the dismal utterance is sadly out of tune
With the frostiness that permeates the "merry month of June."

Panic seizes on the churches, and the Sunday schools
are grieved
To think that by the weather man they thus should be
deceived.
Methinks 'twere better far to be a dog and bay the moon
Than to lay the ropes for pic-nics in the "merry month
of June."

Ask the railroads what they think of it. They'll tell you
that the Fates
Are down on summer traveling at cheap excursion rates.
With wreckage of their brightest plans their lines are
thickly strewn,
And they shudder at the advent of the "merry month of
June."

Matrimony is the caper in the early summer time;
Erotic poets sing of it in ev'ry sort of rhyme.
But what's the use of poetry when lovers cease to spoon
And fall back on pills and powders in the "merry month
of June."

To the bow-wows we are going; that's a sure and certain
thing;
We haven't any summer and we haven't any spring.
Then, prithee, Mr. Weather Man, confer on us a boon
And just jolt the sun a little in this "merry month of
June."

The Circus Parade.

Circus in town. See 'em running,
The youngsters with wings on their feet,
When the pageant breaks loose on the street
In splendor and majesty stunning.
They're certainly doing it brown.
Circus in town.

Circus in town. Many-tinted
And brilliantly gilt are the cars
Which princes and grand dukes and czars
Have gazed on with pleasure unstinted
And never a trace of a frown.
Circus in town.

Circus in town. The musicians
Ahead of the gay caravan
Keep a-pounding out "El Capitan"
And "All Coons," and with no intermissions
The noise of the highway they drown.
Circus in town.

Circus in town. In their cages
The wildest of beasts move along;
Lions glare at the onlooking throng,
And the tiger ferociously rages,
He'd like to gulp somebody down.
Circus in town.

Circus in town. Here come creeping
The elephants, massive to view;
They're a thick-skinned and slow-going crew,
And they carry their trunks for safe keeping,
And—ha! ha!—there's a rollicking clown.
Circus in town.

Circus in town. Lady riders
In fairy-like tarlatan clothes
Are posing and each in her pose
Much resembles a pair of dividers
Dressed up in a fractional gown.
Circus in town.

Circus in town. See the juggling
And tumbling and other such feats,
All performed in the march o'er the streets;
And the populace madly is struggling
The artists with glory to crown.
Circus in town.

Circus in town. 'Tis a magnet
Attracting the young and the old,
And the wise and the fair and the bold,
Or a sort of omnipotent drag-net.
No bounds to its royal renown.
Circus in town.

Spring.

In the spring the little birdies
From their southern quarters come;
In the spring the young man's fancy
Lightly turns to coats of gum;
In the spring the cooing dovelets
Don their brightest burnished suits;
In the spring the population
Hoists a million umbrachutes.

In the spring the blithesome rabbit
O'er the greensward gaily scoots;
In the spring suburban dwellers
Don extensive rubber boots;
In the spring the brooks and streamlets
Prattle with a gleeful "prat;"
In the spring the sad policeman
Glow'rs beneath an oilskin hat.

In the spring the sugar maple
Lets its stored-up sweetness slip;
In the spring the doctors revel
In the sudden spread of grip;
In the spring, with colors radiant,
Butterflies begin to whizz;
In the spring old residenters
Double up with "rheumatiz."

In the spring the violet modest
Lifts her head and peeps about;
In the spring the rivers rising
Seize the chance to flood us out;
In the spring the farmer's offspring
Scour the woods for sassafras;
In the spring the thrifty housewife
Shuts down on the natural gas.

In the spring the fruitful orchard
Puts forth many a leaf and bud;
In the spring the sturdy plowman
Plows profanely through the mud;
In the spring the earth is full of
Light and life and hope and cheer;
In the spring the cemetery
Does the bus'ness of the year.

In the spring the heart of Nature
Swells with feelings of good will;
In the spring the stoutest infant
Baffles the physician's skill;
In the spring—well, talk of wetness!
Weather men don't do a thing.
Pouring, drizzling, soaking, seeping—
That's your size, O gentle Spring.

Philhellenic.

Up, up, ye Greek societies that dwell in college halls,
And gird ye on your weapons, for duty loudly calls.
No more blow-outs and banquets. The obligation's strict
To live up to your lettered names until the Turk is licked.

Up, up Phi Gamma Epsilon. Go forth to do or die.
Let not the world, beholding you, look black and say, "Oh, Phi!"
But, breathing to Olympian ones a pray'r in classic strain,
Go forth to show that alphabetic names are not in vain.

Up, up, Pi Kappa. Now's the time for arming Kap-a-pie.
Into the ring your castor you've simply got to shy.
And where the tide of Moslem steel is seen to surge and swell,
Pile in, lads, and stampede 'em with a good old college yell.

Up, up, O Gamma Delta, nor fail to understand
That to your members Providence has dealt-a fighting hand.
No use to frame excuses. The same must needs be weak,
For bless you, sirs, talk as you will, your very name is Greek.

Aye faith. There is no way to dodge the obligation stern
That rests on our Greek letter men their warlike spurs to earn.
From Alpha down to Omega, the whole caboodle must
Prance forth like Homer's warriors and whale the Turk or "bust."

For now's the time when Hellas needs the aid of lusty hands
To shield her shrines traditional from bloody Moslem bands.
And now she cries, "Shall Moslems grim my fields and towns despoil,
When alphabetic Grecians are thick on Yankee soil?"

Not so. A million Alphas, Gammas, Sigmas, Chis and Taus,
Will surely hasten to the front and boost the Grecian cause,
And Turkey when she finds herself thus fearfully beset
Will groan, "I never thought to fight the whole blamed alphabet."

The Tenth Pennsylvania.

Bring a thousand bugles, boys. Let's have another song,
Thundered by a chorus that is half a million strong.
Sing it to the boys whose fame to us and ours belong,
Heroes of old Pennsylvania.

Chorus.

The Tenth! The Tenth! Sing out the glad refrain.
The Tenth! The Tenth! Brave boys, they're home again.
Back they come with glory that will never, never wane.
Shout for the Tenth Pennsylvania!

When McKinley called for volunteers to cross the sea,
Who advanced demanding in the foremost place to be?
Who to join the battle made the first and strongest plea?
Who but the Tenth Pennsylvania?

Cho.—The Tenth! The Tenth! etc.

Off to far Manila went those noble hearts of oak,
Longing for the conflict, with its blood and fire and smoke.
Soon upon the foeman's ears their cry of battle broke.
Loud spoke the Tenth Pennsylvania.

Cho.—The Tenth! The Tenth! etc.

Spaniards at the dead of night essayed a fierce attack.
"Forward, boys!" cried Hawkins, "Drive the sneaking dagoes back!"
Helter skelter went the Dons and quickly cleared the track,
Chased by the Tenth Pennsylvania.

Cho.—The Tenth! The Tenth! etc.

When the Dons were routed and the Filipos broke out
Aguinaldo's fighters found themselves in ev'ry bout
Beaten and discomfited and scattered by the stout
Rustlers from old Pennsylvania.

Cho.—The Tenth! The Tenth! etc.

Never did they lose a fight. Where'er their colors flew
Victory was sure to come. The old Red, White and Blue
Never waved o'er warriors more steadfast, brave and true
Than those from old Pennsylvania.

Cho.—The Tenth! The Tenth! etc.

That's the song we have to sing. Let all, with might and main,
Join in ripping out the glad and glorious refrain,
Honoring the heroes that are with us once again.
Glorious Tenth Pennsylvania.

Cho.—The Tenth! The Tenth! etc.

Infra "Dig."

Are they long-sepultured Pawnees!
Are they dead and buried Shawnees?
Are they slumb'ring Kickapoos?
Are they Choctaws, gone to glory?
Are they Blackfeet, famed in story?
Are they Chippewas or Sioux?
Are they Aliquippas haughty,
Are they Hurons, wild and naughty?
Are they Iroquois or Crees?
Or—oh, horror!—'stead of red men,
Are there only recent dead men
In that moundlet of McKee's?

In that pile of earth prolific,
A. Carnegie's scientific
Corps has delved these many days
'Spite of rain and of caloric,
Scores of relics prehistoric
They've been managing to raise.
Bones they've spaded up in plenty,
Skeletons—they number twenty—
They have found beneath the trees.
And the doctrine now is nourished,
That an Indian village flourished
In that moundlet of McKee's.

But now comes the blatant scoffer,
With strange evidence to offer,
Contradicting Gerodette.
"Friends," he says, "Your work's indecent,
That these upturned stiffs are recent,
Any sum I'd like to bet."
Then, with nothing to restrict him,
He identifies each victim
Just as easy as you please,
And he demonstrates that very
Like a modern cemetery
Is that moundlet of McKee's.

"There's Wun Lung, who kept a laundry;
Oh, he died of 'yaller jandry,'
In the year of fifty-six.
There's old Hans, the Dutch salooner,
There's the old piano tuner,
Whisky sent him all to sticks.
There's a Dago, there's a 'naygur ;'
To the fever and the ager
We attribute their decease.
Paddy Whack and Bill McCarty,
All are in the Indian party
In that moundlet of McKee's."

Thus he speaks. A ghastly feeling
O'er professors grave is stealing
As the painful news they hear.
Not a chief nor ancient prancer,
To such names as these could answer.
Oh, 'tis truly too severe.
And one trembles when reflecting,
That the wholesale resurrecting
Of such recent chaps as these
Leaves no way of hunting cover;
We must bury 'em all over
In that moundlet of McKee's.

Hymn of the National Delegates.

Bring the good old platform, boys, triumphantly along,
Make it, as we used to make it, good and hot and strong,
Let it be a corker, whether we are right or wrong,
Strike hard and fast at St. Loo-ey.
Hurrah, hurrah! Our hearts are filled with pride,
We're out for gold with—silver on the side.
Just a little while from now the spoils we shall divide,
That's why we meet at St. Loo-ey.

Gentlemen disinguished ask to be our candidate;
Morton, Reed and Allison and Quay our pleasure wait,
But McKinley's name already figures on the slate,
He has the call at St. Loo-ey.
Hurrah, hurrah! McKinley's flag we fly.
Hurrah, hurrah! We really don't know why.
Anyhow we're booming Mac and no one can deny
That's why we meet at St. Loo-ey.

Have you heard of Hanna who commands McKinley's troops?
Ev'rywhere the delegates with ease and grace he scoops.
When he opes his satchel there are wild McKinley whoops,
Rending the air at St. Loo-ey.
Hurrah, hurrah! Let beaten rivals bark.
Hurrah, hurrah! We'll still be true to Mark.
Ample is his barrel, boys, and (kindly keep it dark)
That's why we meet at St. Loo-ey.

Why do we go back on Reed and other leaders stout?
Why do we the noblest of our party chieftains flout?
Hang it! That's a question we don't care to figure out;
Don't press the same at St. Loo-ey.
Hurrah, hurrah! We'll never, never flinch.
Hurrah, hurrah! We'll never yield an inch.
We are for the candidate that has the richest cinch;
That's why we meet at St. Loo-ey.

When the great convention and election, too, are o'er,
Happiness and comfort for us rooters are in store.
Hanna will provide for us forever, ever more,
True to his vows at St. Loo-ey.
Hurrah, hurrah! The platform bring along.
Hurrah, hurrah! Let's make 'er hot and strong.
Till we're all in clover, boys, it won't be very long.
That's why we meet at St. Loo-ey.

Espanol.

Step in, step in Senores,
  Make all we have your own,
Receive 'mid bow'rs of flores
  Our salutacion.
A greeting in your lingo
  We'd spring with heart and soul
Instanter, but, by jingo!
  No hablo Espanol.

Step in, commerciales
  From blooming Uruguay,
And Chile's hot tamales
  And Venezuelans gay.
Some day perhaps you'll need us
  And meanwhile, on the whole,
You are our bienvenidos;
  (How's that for Espanol?)

Brazilians, do not linger;
  Peruvians, do not wait;
Old Pitt with beck'ning finger
  Is standing at the gate.
To welcome you he's had his
  Young men fill up the bowl.
Then here's hospilidades—
  That's straight-out Espanol.

Will anybody touch you
  While you're on Pittsburg ground?
Caramba, sirs, non mucho,
  You all are safe and sound.
A land of milk and honey
  Awaits you. 'Tis a goal
To melt the corazone—
  See there. More Espanol.

Ah, Senors, when you've seen us,
And riveted your gaze
Upon our great molinos
You can't withhold your praise.
You can't go home and d—n us
Or claim that we cajole
For plaudits esperamos—
Hurrah for Espanol!

Then, waiter, fetch the biera,
And fetch the vino, too;
Let's pledge a toast sincera
Unto hermanos true.
Saludad, ev'ry brother,
While Pittsburg has a roll
To spend, let's take another—
That style is Espanol.

Inks.

Far off upon a summit high
A dazzling thing to human eye,
The baseball pennant gaily waves,
Beyond the reach of Pittsburg's braves,
Methinks;
For have they not at Louisville
Succumbed already to the skill;
The deft and cunning dexter hand
And curves they could not understand
Of Inks?

Ah, yes! One's blood must fairly boil
To think that on Kentucky soil,
Where ev'ry man to corn-juice sticks
And loftily disdains to mix
His drinks,

Our rustlers, deemed of splendid heft,
Should let themselves get sadly left,
Kerflummuxed, pounded, hammered, slashed,
And totally to pieces smashed
By Inks.

Yet so they fared. They couldn't hit
Nor even pitch a little bit;
'Twas simply fatal to the nerves
To see how Killen lost his curves
And kinks,
And how the rest, alarmed, surprised
And one and all demoralized,
Slid uselessly about the field,
Threw up their hands and had to yield
To Inks.

All Louisville turned out to scream
Its plaudits for the local team,
Considering those Colonels dense
To be of manly excellence
The pinks;
And sure enough their sanguine view
To all appearances came true,
For Louisville was "out of sight"
When Pittsburg's crowd was slaughtered quite
By Inks.

A plague on Inks! It is a shame
That one of his unseemly name—
A name that smacks of blot and smear,
A name suggesting very queer
High jinks—
Should stump us. Still the fact is there,
That Pittsburg simply pawed the air
Before this dandy, smeary chap.
Poor pennant! 'Twill be grabbed mayhap
By Inks.

Albert Ed's Lament.

I'm getting old and feeble; I'm a sporty boy no more,
The elephant I do not care to see.
I've let up a bit on baccarat; likewise on rouge-et-noir
And the betting book has lost its charms for me.
Ah, yes, I'm crawling up in years; my hair is getting gray;
At 56, I'm stiff in ev'ry bone,
But I have a little parent, who is built another way.
She seems booked to sit forever on the throne.

Refrain:

She's a very ancient dame, but she stays there just the same;
Such another wondrous case was never known.
At the age of 78, she keeps up that same old gait.
Oh, she's booked to sit forever on the throne.

In my childhood people used to come and fondle Albert Ed.
"Noble youth," they'd say, "the time cannot be long,
Till he wears a royal mantle and a crown upon his head,
And supplies us with a reign that's hot and strong."
But the years kept rolling onward and I still remained a prince.
(Please excuse me while I step aside and groan).
I've been nothing but a crownless heir apparent ever since
To that little aged lady on the throne.

Ref.—She's a very ancient dame, etc.

Early manhood found me splurging in a very vivid style.
Oh, I painted things the deepest carmine hue.
And although my royal parent wouldn't let me touch her pile,

I had coin to burn and spent it freely, too.
Sage advisers said, "Be virtuous." I answered "No, indeed;
I intend to have a hot time of my own.
'Twill be time enough to sober up whenever I succeed
My perennial little parent on the throne."

Ref.—She's a very ancient dame, etc.

Middle age came on and found me getting in my merry licks,
And I'd still be with the foremost in the swim,
But you see a fellow cannot hold his own at fifty-six—
Youthful high jinks are no longer good for him.
So I'm gradually settling down, and upon this natal day
Please regard me as a person who has sown
All his wild oats and quite decently awaits the right of way
From that little aged lady on the throne.

Ref.—She's a very ancient dame, etc.

Non Compos.

Softly breathe it, gently break it,
Do not rattle, do not scare
Those that bear the news, but make it
Easy for the world to bear.
Oh, the cup of tribulation
That must now be deeply quaffed!
Hear the mournful information:
Paderewski has gone daft.

Do you ask us who is Paddy?
Himmel! Have you ne'er set eyes
On that pretty, winsome laddie,
Never heard him concertize?
If you have, you're bound to feel it
Like a deadly sabre cut.
Ah, good friends, we can't conceal it,
Paderewski's off his nut.

Rondo and capriccioso,
Scherzo and concerto grand,
By this glorious virtuoso
Were performed, to beat the band.
Kings and princes howled approval
When the ivories he'd thump.
Now we witness his removal.
Paderewski's off his chump.

Oh, the tawny mane that crowned him!
Wondrous was the hair of Pad;
High school maidens swooned around him,
Spinsters saw him and went mad.
One and all they threw him kisses,
Sighing for a wild embrace.
Ah, those disappointed misses!—
Paderewski's off his base.

What came over Pad to queer him?
What occurred his mind to smash?
Did the mob too loudly cheer him?
Was he overcome with cash?
Nay, it was the overpow'ring
Rush of "gals" that cooked his goose.
Thanks to womankind devouring,
Paderewski's roof is loose.

Take him to his gloomy prison;
Hide away his yellow hair;
Curb the symptoms strangely risen;
Cover up the vacant stare.
Hedge him round with watchers wary,
Lest the mob should come and scoff.
Poor old chap! He was too hairy,—
That is why his trolley's off.

'Listing.

'Listing for the Philippines.
  Who's inclined to join?
Plenty of hard knocks ahead,
  Precious little coin.
Heavy gun and pack to lug;
  Sky with fire aglow.
Swelter, swelter all the time,
  Who's inclined to go?

'Listing for the Philippines.
  Weary is the tramp
Through the jungle dense and dark
  Over bog and swamp.
Mauser bullets flying round
  Try a fellow's nerve.
Zip! another one laid out.
  Who would like to serve?

'Listing for the Philippines.
  Always on the jump,
Chasing "varmints" hidden in
  Ev'ry forest clump.
One is killed and ten spring up.
  Fighting such a mob
Seems a never-ending task.
  Say, who wants the job?

'Listing for the Philippines.
  Trenches ev'rywhere
Filled with dusky chaps that won't
  Do things on the square.
Not a chance for villainous
  Deviltry they miss.
Hard it is to smoke 'em out,
  Who'll go in for this?

'Listing for the Philippines.
Somehow, after all,
Lines of sturdy patriots
Answer to the call.
Up to Uncle Sam they step;
Tell him with a grin,
"We are ready any day.
Kindly count us in."

'Listing for the Philippines.
For the stalwart son
Of Columbia—happy dame!—
Terrors it has none.
Where the Stars and Stripes are borne
There in time of need
Yankee boys are glad to go.
Blessings on the breed!

Democracy's Love Feast.

Lo, the tribesmen Democratic
Once mercurial and erratic,
Finally have ceased their fussing,
Ceased their snarling and their cussing,
And from Temperancevillihaha,
And from Allegheniawawa,
And from Bayardstowniwiski,
So Ho and Southsidiski,
And from divers other regions
Come the former hostile legions
Saying: "Let us all be merry
And the ax forever bury."

No more on the warpath running
Silver cranks for foes are gunning.
No more in their war paint savage
Do they fiercely wreck and ravage,
Shouting in their guttural lingo,
"Bryan is the stuff, by jingo!"
But with former hostiles joining
They forsake their schemes of coining.
Coining silver—thought audacious!—
At the wildest kind of ratios.
Quoth each medicine man and sachem,
"Make what coins you please. We'll take 'em."

No more, shouting war cries horrid,
And emitting cusswords torrid,
Come with fierce determination
Tribesmen of the Goldbug nation.
Now, with bland and courteous greeting
Ancient foemen they are meeting,
And instead of scalp-locks hooking
Elbows at the bar they're crooking.
Jimclark blandly hails Pefoley,
Fagan grasps the hand of Boley.
No one kicks about preferment
And the ax receives interment.

Whence this marvel? How explain it?
Can the tribes, forsooth, maintain it?
Can they always in subjection
Keep the fires of disaffection,
And behave each to the other
Like a gentle, loving brother?
Ask us not. This game new-fangled
Leaves us quite non-plussed and tangled.
Hardly can we yet conceive it
Or accept it and believe it.
Democrats no more asunder!
Boys, this is the world's eighth wonder.

Turkey Day.

One more glad turkey day
Full of good cheer.
Nowise a murky day
Dismal and drear.
Joyously, chipperly
And Jack-the-Ripperly
Keen knife and fork
Cut out the heart of thee,
Slashed ev'ry part of thee,
Thanksgiving "turk!"

Out of doors whistled
The razor-edged blizzard,
Indoors men wrestled
With Pope's nose and gizzard.
Ah, it was wreck to thee
Right in the neck to thee,
Swift to destroy,
Came the unnerving knife,
Aye, the deft carving knife
Cleft thee, old boy.

None stopped to muse on
Thy youth when existence
Took roseate hues on
And Death at a distance
Immense seemed to be.
Hadst thou a family, tenderly dear to thee—
Brothers and sisters and other ones near to thee?
Had some romantic
Hen-turkey paid frantic
Devotion to thee?
Nobody cared a red,
Those on thy flesh that fed
Were up in G.

Ah, lad, how easily
  Fate strikes the blow!
Oozily, greasily
  Thou wert laid low.
    Round thee light-yellery
    Bunches of celery
      Raised each its plume.
    Stuffing inside of thee;
    Gone was the pride of thee,
      Gone to the tomb.

Olden folks fluffy-faced
  Toyed with thy corse.
Juveniles puffy-faced,
  Large-mouthed and hoarse
    Smacked lips and panted all;
    Drumsticks they wanted all.
      Great was the fuss.
    'Twas a sad job for thee
    By a whole mob to be
      Eaten up thus.

But from thy grave, O turk,
  Sardonic laughter
Comes now. Thy heavy work
  Comes the day after.
    They that your flesh devoured,
    Used up and overpow'red,
      In desperation,
    Call in the grave M. D.
    Herein, O turk, we see
      Just reparation.

Those New Year's Bills.

Those New Year's bills, those New Year's bills,
Down ev'ry spine they send the chills.
Scarce have the chimes, so crisp and clear,
Rung in the new and smiling year
Than ev'rywhere the mails convey
Those short and sweet requests to pay.
Most hearts with grief their advent fills,
Those New Year's bills, those New Year's bills.

To homes where joy supreme has reigned,
Where Christmas fun was unrestrained,
Where all hands had a time immense
And "blew themselves" at large expense,
Where out of Santa's precious load
A goodly store of presents flowed,
Now comes the aftermath of ills,
Those New Year's bills, those New Year's bills.

The parent fond who, coaxed and urged
By wife and offspring, boldly splurged,
Who, though the outlay blanched his hair,
Went in for presents rich and rare,
Now finds that he the cost must count
And dig up soon a large amount.
To him they're bitter, bitter pills,
Those New Year's bills, those New Year's bills.

And there's the youth, of slender store,
Whose boarding mistress trusts no more.
"Young man," she says, "you're much inclined
To travel fast, yet run behind.
You ask a stay. I answer No.
My fiat is, Pay up or go."
And so he views, with whitening gills,
Those New Year's bills, those New Year's bills.

Ah, sore the test of human grit
When there's a postscript—"Please remit,"
Which means that those will sorrow sup
Who do not promptly settle up.
Then he that's short, in black despair,
Sheds tears of blood and tears his hair.
They warn us 'gainst the pace that kills,
Those New Year's bills, those New Year's bills.

But mark it well. The suff'rer now
Takes on the spot a solemn vow
That twelve months hence he'll not be rash
But hold a store of saved-up cash.
And this his mind at ease may set,
Although such vows he'll soon forget.
Next year, as now, they'll give him chills,
Those New Year's bills, those New Year's bills.

A La Wilcox.

Come, O Muse, and let us fashion,
'Stead of songs and politicians,
And of coarse and rank ambitions
Just a little "pome" of passion.

Let us sing like Ella Wheeler
Wilcox of mankind's surrender
To emotions sweet and tender.
Warm is "El." Naught could congeal 'er.

For such warbling there's a reason.
Are we not—'tis great to think of—
Fairly trembling on the brink of
Spring, the sentimental season?

And does Tennyson not tell us
That the youth now daily, nightly,
Lets his fancy revel lightly
In amours and tangles jealous?

Now the crow the air is sawing,
Moving north. With pride he's swelling.
Soon he'll build his love a dwelling
And a serenade he's cawing.

Bluebirds whistle and the robin
Hops around and none pursues him,
For beneath his ruddy bosom
Matrimonial hopes are throbbin'.

Sunshine, wintry blasts disarming,
Lights the landscape, rousing, cheering.
Mother Earth, with visage clearing,
To her fav'rite work is warming.

And the poets and the various
Seekers after joys romantic,
Boil with inspiration frantic.
Mark the rush of gay Lotharios.

Lutes are tuned. Guitar and zither
Sound a strain which tells it plainly
That some youth—let's hope not vainly—
Sighs—oh, would that he were with her!

Yes. Let Spring the great revealer
Of men's hearts perform her duty
At the shrine of Love and Beauty.
Let us stand by Ella Wheeler.

Say not that the hint is wicked.
All that's not approved by Ella
Is but "leather and prunella."
Passion, passion—that's the ticket.

The Plum Tree.

A plum tree once in an orchard grew
(Listen to my tale of woe.)
And the plums it wore were of golden hue.
"This is elegant fruit," says M. S. Q.
Matt Q.
That's who.
(Listen to my tale of woe.)

Refrain:

Oh, wait for election day,
Some one then for those plums must pay.
Ask who it is and the people say,
"Matt Q.
That's who."
(Listen to my tale of woe.)

Outside the fence stood a bank cashier.
(Listen to my tale of woe.)
Quoth he, "To me it would appear
That paper and plums go together here."
"They do,"
Says Q.
(Listen to my tale of woe.)

Ref.—Oh, wait for election day, etc.

The Old Man winked. "Take a taste," says he.
(Listen to my tale of woe.)
If you'll help Son Dick and be true to me
I'll be ready and willing to shake that tree.
"That's true,"
Says Q.
(Listen to my tale of woe.)

Ref.—Oh, wait for election day, etc.

Alas for Stone, who would governor be.
(Listen to my tale of woe.)
For the spectral form of that same plum tree
Makes his friends turn tail, and they groan and flee.
Stone and Q.
Feel blue.
(Listen to my tale of woe.)
Ref.—Oh, wait for election day, etc.

In Allegheny.

Hark to that old familiar click
In Allegheny.
Another gun has done the trick
In Allegheny.
Another mortal, tired of toil
And grief upon earth's sordid soil,
Has shuffled off this mortal coil
In Allegheny.

Who talks of joy and light and hope
In Allegheny?
What's that? Another dangling rope
In Allegheny?
Aye. aye, Horatio. 'Tis a fact:
Once more poor Yorick, sorely rack'd,
In spirit has performed the act
In Allegheny!

Short is the span of human life
In Allegheny.
Right grimly gleams the butcher knife
In Allegheny.
A glint of steel, a groan, a tear.
Another citizen—dear, dear!—
Has slit himself "from ear to ear"
In Allegheny.

Broad, deep and black the river flows
In Allegheny.
How nice therein to sink one's woes
In Allegheny!
Bankrupt in pocket, full of booze,
Off come hat, vest and coat and shoes,
And one more resident they lose
In Allegheny.

Convenient is the poison store
In Allegheny.
Wide open stands the druggist's door
In Allegheny.
Heart aches and rude domestic spats,
And jim-jams bred by frequent "bats"
Lead oftentimes to "Rough on Rats"
In Allegheny.

Such is the normal daily round
In Allegheny.
A sudden death, a body found
In Allegheny.
A line of print, a "crowner's quest,"—
Ah, reader, 'tis no idle jest.
To shuffle off men deem it best
In Allegheny.

What strange decree of Fate thus works
In Allegheny?
What suicidal demon lurks
In Allegheny?
We trow not, but some people say,
That one devouring thought holds sway,
To wit: the hope to get away
From Allegheny.

The 'oo Model.

Invention marches onward, never dropping to the rear;
New models of the bicycle it gives us every year.
A man has scarcely bought his wheel and started in to blow
When fresh improvements come along and quickly lay him low.
But the biggest thing of all has yet to come along the pike.
'Tis the chainless, wheelless, pedalless, seatless, handlebarless bike.

Wherever scorchers meet and talk, with real warmth and zest
You'll hear each one among 'em swear his wheel's the very best.
This is a point of honor recognized the whole world o'er
From Greenland's icy mountains unto farthest Singapore.
Alas that some mechanic's skill the guns of all should spike
With the chainless, wheelless, pedalless, seatless, handlebarless bike.

Hill climbers are a boastful lot. They dearly love to show
How easy 'tis to leave the feeble common herd below.
With eyes that from their sockets start and veins that sorely swell
They work their way up mountains and pretend to like it well.
Oh, we'll all be climbing Alpine heights as quickly as we like
With the chainless, wheelless, pedalless, seatless, handlebarless bike.

Talk about your century records! They are good enough
to-day,
When bicycling is a heavy work upon a rough highway.
But wait till 1900, O ye lads that loudly boast,
And then 'twill be an easy thing to skip from coast to
coast,
For the very least among us will a gait of lightning strike
With the chainless, wheelless, pedalless, seatless, handle-
barless bike.

The Jackaby.

The Jackaby Frostlet from Nipaway Land
Comes creeping, comes sneaking.
(These lines are intended for babes, understand,
And that's why in words of the infant school brand
We're jabb'ring; not speaking).
From Icetown he brings us a nice little freeze,
And our noses get red and we sputter and sneeze
While we watch the thermometer drop its degrees.
'Tis falling. 'Tis leaking.

The poor little flow'rets are in for it now;
He'll soak 'em; he'll rip 'em.
No time for repentance to them he'll allow,
For the Jackaby seems to have taken a vow
To smite 'em; to nip 'em.
Geraniums and dahlias he hastes to attack,
At morning you'll find them all withered and black.
Oh, he can't be induced when he gets on their track
To pass 'em, to skip 'em.

The Jackaby goes for the hat built of straw,
Now waning, now dying;
And you'll see from his rippling and gurgling guffaw,
He's laughing; he's guying.

The summer girls wilt and the summer boys flee;
That the weather's too chilly they all must agree.
And a razor-edged breeze o'er the land and the sea
Comes moaning, comes sighing.

The Soda Founts stop. There's an end of the fizz
So bracing, so cooling.
Ice cream has departed. No time now there is
For nonsense; for fooling.
A magical uncle will now from his chest
Produce the top-coat and the thick undervest.
And the Jackaby thinks it an excellent jest.
He's bossing; he's ruling.

Now what do you think of the Jackaby's work,
So chilling, so blighting?
He's surely a cruel, unmerciful Turk,
Rampaging, affrighting.
But next spring, if we chance to be living and well,
We'll cast off the Jackaby's horrible spell.
'Twill be our turn to laugh when that monster so fell
We're downing; we're smiting.

The Dinosaur.

A dinosaur of extensive girth
Sat in the bosom of Mother Earth.
He was not pretty; he was not neat;
For he measured in height full sixty feet,
And he seemed when bared to the curious view,
Like a mixture of frog and kangaroo.
Oh, not for peace, but for cruel war
Did Nature construct the dinosaur.

This dinosaur, we would have you know,
Had died and petrified ages ago.
Nerves and muscles and parchment hide
Had all decayed when the monster died,
And only his skeleton still sat there
With changeless pose and a stony stare.
And tambourines might rattle away,
But never a word had Bones to say.

And he mused as he sat on the glories great
That marked the earth at an early date.
He thought of the days when ev'ry beast
Weighed a couple of hundred tons at least,
When brutes that dwelt in the woodland bow'rs.
Were tall as churches or light house tow'rs.
All these had gone from this earthly sphere,
And the dinosaur dropped a fossil tear.

There came a day when the Indian red
Trampled the sod o'er his poor old head.
And dusky corpses around him lay
As civilization blazed its way
Through the western land. "This thing called War
Is a new one on me," said the dinosaur,
"And if civilization thus holds its own
I am glad to be nought but a mass of stone."

And finally one fine day there came
A digger and delver, Holland his name.
While spades and crowbars cheerily clanked,
That dinosaur from his bed he yanked.
And soon our Pittsburg folks will gaze
On that strange survival of ancient days.
And the dinosaur—well, he'll never know
That he's down to the grade of a curio.

Hagenbeck's Visit.

The king of zoo promoters in our city is on deck.
He comes from far-off Hamburg and his name is Hagenbeck.
He's here to visit Eddie, and his expert eyes he feasts
Upon the local galaxy of foreign birds and beasts.
Our Eddie plays the pilot with distinguished grace and ease
For the highly honored visitor and this is what he sees:

Whitewingus Paisleyensis, shining in the public view.
Flycoppus Joeybrownus, with his plumage colored blue.
The ringtailed flinflamingo, picking up the early worm,
The Bonvon horse that gallops through his forty-second term.
The Payrollus Magistris, up to ev'ry sort of trick,
The docile little councilmanic monkey-on-a-stick.
" 'Pon my word," says Mr. Hagenbeck, "the like I never knew
Of the marvelous exhibits in the famous Pittsburg zoo."

"Yes, yes," the visitor went on, " 'tis wonderful, indeed.
Pray tell me, Brother Eddie, how these animals you feed?"
"That's easy," answered Bigelow, "the softest kind of snaps
Are fed to 'em and patronage is given out in scraps.
And then, you see, we've lobbies where they loaf around and browse
And nice protected club rooms where each evening they carouse.
And in the summer holidays we have a nice menu
Of Atlantic City passes which we pass around our zoo."

"I see, I see," says Hagenbeck. "Now tell me if you please,
Whence comes the flow of boodle for expenses such as these."
"Why, bless you, man, quoth Eddie, "Pittsburg doesn't care a durn
For such small considerations. We have money here to burn.
And even when the cash runs out, which happens ev'ry year,
We hit the banks for millions, which instanter disappear.
No other town on earth is so intelligently bossed;
We continually blow ourselves and never count the cost."

At this a loud approving roar went up from ev'ry cage
Except from one where sounds were heard of sorrow mixed with rage.
There dwelt the wild reformeros and 'twixt his teeth he said,
"If ever I get loose, then lud-a-mercy on you, Ed."
"Don't mind him, Mr. Hagenbeck," said Edde, "I'm ashamed
To own that still we harbor here a specimen untamed."

Now Hagenbeck, delighted with the wonders that he saw,
Declares we must enlarge the zoo and add to its eclat
And so he says he'll search the globe and see if he can find
Some novelties and marvels of an interesting kind.
And with this bland assurance to our town he bids Adieu
And goes back to startle Hamburg with his tales of Eddie's zoo.

Our Amazons.

'Tis not the genus masculine
  Alone that yearns for fighting,
For cannon's roar and charging line,
  The Spaniards boldly smiting.
Likewise to smell the battle's smoke
  On plaza and on prado
Come forth the gentle women folk
  Of far-off Colorado.

On, on they come in pow'rful force;
  Their zeal each day grows larger.
"To arms!" they cry. "A horse! a horse!
  Our kingdom for a charger.
No common infantry are we,
  In war to be discounted,
But furious cavaliers we'll be
  On blooded prancers mounted."

And so without the least dismay
  Nor heeding grewsome rumors
They don, expectant of the fray,
  Their neatest shot-proof bloomers.
Not theirs to flinch or hesitate
  Upon the path of glory.
They put their soldier hats on straight
  And all is hunky-dory.

With carbine primed, with lance in rest
  And hat-pin fiercely flourished
Behold 'em. In each tender breast
  The hope of fame is nourished;
In high soprano tones they shriek
  A battle-cry inspiring.
Who says that womankind is weak
  Or timid or retiring?

Nay, nay. Those Colorado belles
  Will figure in the mauling
Where'er the tide of carnage swells
  With fury most appalling.
And Spain will feel beneath her vest
  A heart with terror drumming
When word comes in, "From out the West
  The Amazons are coming."

But hold. The Dons themselves may save
  By mean and vicious scheming
Employed against those females brave,
  Of trickery ne'er dreaming.
And many a Colorado house
  With sorrow will be laden
If Spaniards cry "A mouse! A mouse!"
  And scare off ev'ry maiden.

Clipping Coupons.

This is the shearsman, hired to clip
Carnegie's coupons—snip, snip, snip!
Day in, day out, the whole year round
At duty's post he will be found,
While wreathed in smiles Carnegie hears
The merry music of the shears.

Dear children, would you like to know
Why coupons should be clipped off so?
Few words it takes the tale to tell
Which bloated bond sharps know so well.
(Ah, children, would that shearsmen thus
Were constantly at work for us!)

Carnegie, you're aware, no doubt,
Has sold his mammoth bus'ness out.
Two hundred millions—so they say—
The buyers have agreed to pay.
(Dear children, must it not be nice
To sell out for so large a price?)

Since coin is hard to lug away,
In bonds Carnegie takes his pay;
And on these pledges, good as gold,
A claim for interest he'll hold.
(Say, little folks, would you not like
A mother lode like this to strike?)

On ev'ry bond are little squares
Like tickets used for street car fares.
Each serves upon the date correct
One interest payment to collect.
How's that for a luxurious lay—
Just with a snip to earn your pay?

But when the bonds at — per cent,
Two hundred millions represent,
To snip and clip so vast a heap
Must be an undertaking steep.
Laborious? Aye, but by the pow'rs
We'd do it if the chance were ours.

Be good, then, little ones, and pray
That you may also some fine day
Get rich like Andy and retire
And able-bodied shearsmen hire.
Ah, Paradise indeed is nigh
When coupons pile up mountains high.

Calumpit.

Hear the trumpet
At Calumpit
Calling Yankee lads to fight.
Night or morning
At its warning
They turn out the foe to smite.
Ah, they love the clarion note
Coming from that brazen throat.
"Here's an army. Come and thump it,"
Says the trumpet
At Calumpit.

When the trumpet
At Calumpit
Gives its message to the Yanks,
There is shaking—
Aye and quaking
In the Filipino ranks,
And commanders brown of skin
Hearken with a sickly grin.
"Filipos, 'tis time to hump it,"
Says the trumpet
At Calumpit.

When the trumpet
At Calumpit
Splits the welkin, there's a howl
From the kickers
And flaw-pickers
That upon expansion scowl.
"Ah, McKinley, there's no reason
To be mild with semi-treason.
Off the earth you ought to dump it,"
Says the trumpet
At Calumpit.

When the trumpet
At Calumpit
Starts the boys, they do not lag.
But despising
Those advising
That they quit the starry flag,
They uphold the nation's fame
And they curse the clique of shame,
"Full of lead some day let's pump it,"
Says the trumpet
At Calumpit.

Ah, the trumpet
At Calumpit
Never summons to retreat.
In its message
There's the presage
Of a victory complete.
And the Antis they may frown
And want Uncle Sam turned down
But their game—"Aha! we'll stump it,"
Says the trumpet
At Calumpit.

St. Valentine.

St. Valentine, your day is past,
No longer lovers falter
And tremble as with eyes downcast
They loaf around your altar.
No longer at your fabled shrine
Do mooncalves kneel and mope and pine
And venture with the pow'r divine
Of poetry to palter.

There was a time, O ancient saint,
When 'twas your pride and pleasure
Mankind to please with daubs of paint
And rhymes in lilting measure.
Soft youths and maidens you'd entrance
And lead 'em coyly to advance
Along the paths of love's romance
In quest of precious treasure.

And oh, what missives you'd inspire!—
Perfumed and gilt the paper;
And ev'ry line ablaze with fire
Enkindled at love's taper.
And at the end, sure sign of bliss,
A string of "X's," each a kiss;
You used to tell 'em, Val, that this
Was quite the proper caper.

Then you were fond of Cupid's darts
In colors loud depicted;
The same were used for piercing hearts
To mooncalfism addicted.
And underneath you'd have a strain
About the woes of love in vain
(Those old-time lovers with a pain
Were all the time afflicted.)

But now, St. Val., your lovesick loons
Rearwards are relegated,
And nought we have but tough cartoons
By malice vile dictated.
Sign-painters wield the brush and paint.
The verses—well, it makes us faint
To think, sir, that so great a saint
Has so degenerated.

Summer.

'Tis usual at this time of year
For poets tunefully to sing
Their lays in praise of gentle spring,
But now another song we hear;
The bards proclaim another comer,
And twang the lyre in praise of summer.

For these are truly summer days.
No need there is to wait till June
Ere undertaking to attune
The voice and lute to languorous lays
Wherein the poet deftly shows us
Church picnics, lemonade and roses.

The gardens prematurely bloom,
The Easter flow'rs have done their duty,
And shrubs and trees display their beauty
And load the air with sweet perfume.
And o'er the lawn grass, thickly growing,
The swift lawn-mower goes a-mowing.

Straw hats appear and eke the soft
And jaunty headgear pearly-hued
Is sported by the natty dude.
The lightest overcoats are doffed
And shirts once viewed with keen derision
Loud-striped and gay beguile the vision.

The gentler sex is glad to don
The shirt waist with its cincture neat
And dainty collar. Very sweet
Are summer girls to look upon.
Behold, unto these visions sightly
The young man's fancy still turns lightly.

Along the roadway thick with dust
The biker scoots at racehorse speed
Upon his faithful silent steed.
He'll make his century or "bust."
Alas, if at some fatal juncture
The Fates should queer him with a puncture!

A thousand other things combine
To prove to any man of reason
That spring no longer is in season,
But yields to summer's sway divine.
Ah, no one has a right to know it
Much better than the floored spring poet.

Davy Hill's Plea.

"Roast me no more." It is the voice of Hill,
Of warlike Davy, him that in the heat
Of battle fierce delights the foe to meet
And slaughter him. But oh, the bitter pill!
Submission humble is for him in store
With broken lance he stands. Another leads,
And Davy murmurs with a heart that bleeds,
"Roast me no more."

"Roast me no more." It was not thus he spake
When at Chicago in tremendous flights
Of eloquence he rammed the silverites,
And jumped upon the fiat money fake.
Then, then, war's honors from the field he bore.
But now, shamefaced and eke with downcast eyes,
He makes apology and meekly cries,
"Roast me no more."

"Roast me no more." Were these the words that flowed
From Davy when, his strength not overtaxed,
G. Cleveland, chick-like, in the neck he "axed,"
And, this achieved, with satisfaction glowed?
Not so. Those all too palmy days are o'er,
And he that used G. Cleveland's hair to raise,
Now kneels before the Silver Gang and says,
"Roast me no more."

"Roast me no more." Just fancy words like these
Proceeding from the lips of David B.,
When in the senate like a hero he
Brought bluffing statesmen to their wicked knees.
How things do change! The eagle long may soar,
But lo, at last his royal wing gives out.
How pitiful those words of fear and doubt,
"Roast me no more!"

"Roast me no more." The Popocratic press
And orators that howl for fiat coin,
The played-out warrior would thus enjoin
His soul no more to harrow and distress,
With jeering talk of bolters to the fore.
"My principles," he says, "advise revolt,
But I've a stake in this. I cannot bolt.
"Roast me no more."

"Roast me no more." Herewith an idol drops.
To-day with Bryan he sits down to lunch,
And o'er the oysters, terrapin and punch,
Declares—alack!—his fealty to the Pops.
While, like a lost soul's shriek, from shore to shore,
From Texas to the confines of New York,
That awful cry gets in its deadly work,
"Roast me no more."

The First Pantaloons.

If the depths of real sentiment you're wishing to explore,
Seeking pathos that will fill your eyes with tears,
And reviving plaintive memories from out the days of yore,
Dim and gray now after long and weary years;
Don't be fooled with plaints deceptive as to rings and baby shoes.
Things to which the bogus bard his song attunes,
But recall with deep emotion how in youth you did enthuse
O'er your first abbreviated pantaloons.

Chorus.

Galluses went with 'em; whopping ones were they,
Prized beyond all other earthly boons.
And 'twill set your heart a-throbbing
When you think of upward bobbing
In your first abbreviated pantaloons.

How you blessed your dad for buying them—those precious hand-me-downs,
And your mother when she helped you put them on!
How you burned to show them off to kids in petticoats and gowns
And excite the rage of Tommy, Dick and John!
How you strutted back and forward feeling ev'ry inch a man,
While your comrades sneered—the jealous little loons;
And you felt that all the world your form admiringly must scan
In those first abbreviated pantaloons.

Chorus—Galluses went with 'em, etc.

O how bitter was the day when, through an unforeseen
mishap,
In the basement of those pants a void was torn;
Then your aggravated parent laid you promptly on her
lap
And pro tem you wished you never had been born.
Soon the buttons slipped their moorings and the knees
they sprang a leak,
And the patches looked like dissipated moons,
So that people discontinued in admiring tones to speak
Of your first abbreviated pantaloons.

Chorus—Galluses went with 'em, etc.

Where, oh where, is now that garment? Has it gone like
Caesar's clay
In some weather-beaten shed to stop a hole?
Is it worked into a crazy quilt or has it found its way
To the haunts which carpet-weaving sharps con-
trol?
Have the ragmen gently fondled it? Well, wherefore
should we ask?
'Tis enough that with the past your soul communes
And that lovingly you think how in the joys you used
to bask
Of those first abbreviated pantaloons.

Chorus—Galluses went with 'em, etc.

A Kentucky Deadlock.

Not a head was smashed; not a jugular vein
In the course of the fracas was severed,
Not a pistol was pulled when Kentucky raised Cain
And to wreck the old state house endeavored.

They brought in Joe Blackburn and Johnny Carlisle,
And Boyle, to the senate aspiring,
And the populace listened with anxious smile
For the sound of revolver firing.

No useless ballot would suit the crowd
In the lobby grimly standing,
But they slapped hip-pockets and cussed aloud,
Recognition forthwith demanding.

Few and short were the caucuses held,
For 'twas known to the members' sorrow,
That a riot one day by a caucus repelled
Would bob up afresh on the morrow.

And the governor on his executive bed
Tossed about in a fitful fever.
"Militiamen, double quick march," he said,
"Ere the state is lost, retrieve 'er."

Lightly they'll talk of this fearful strife,
And forget the fright infernal,
That old Jack Chinn with his bowie knife
Gave to many a fellow-colonel.

But little the Blue Grass state will reck
If the boys who howled so madly
Will only lie down, since direct in the neck
They have got it from Governor Bradley.

But half of their heavy task is done,
For no senator yet is elected,
And the populace still from the random gun
Is substantially unprotected.

Slowly and sadly the rest of us see
The conclusion; but, friends, we're lucky
To live in a land where a statesman is free
From the shotguns of old Kentucky.

The Jingo.

(1896.)

A jingo, in his fighting gear
Swept with his eye the earthly sphere.
Where'er his vision roved he saw
The stirring signs of martial law.
He saw the sword and burning brand
Turn'd loose on many a helpless land,
And, fired with zeal, he cried, "What bliss!
Our country must get in on this."

He saw on Madagascar's soil
The Hovas from the French recoil.
'Neath waving palms, where monkeys dwell,
The savage tribesmen fought and fell.
The Frenchmen, flushed with triumph, vow'd
That France had reason to be proud,
"Confound it!" said the jingo grim,
"Can't we be likewise in the swim?"

He saw John Bull in Ashantee
Compel the native troops to flee.
King Prempeh got a turning down,
And lost his richly jeweled crown.
Great heaps of gold and silver ware
Were filched from Prempeh then and there.
"Ah, sighed the jingo, " 'tis a shame
That Uncle Sam can't do the same."

He saw the Cubans in revolt,
From monarchy they had to bolt.
And so they march and countermarch,
And out of Weyler take the starch.
"We're after liberty," they cry,
"We'll get that priceless boon or die."
The jingo heard, and, with a blush,
He said, "We must get in the push."

He saw King Humbert's soldiers fling
Themselves on Abyssinia's king;
Who, being somewhat stout himself,
Just laid those Romans on the shelf.
"Great Scotland!"—Thus the jingo spoke,
"This is indeed a sorry joke.
If barbarism such feats can do,
Why can we not be in it, too?"

Perhaps some day the jingo's hope
Will be fulfilled in widest scope.
Perhaps we, too, will feel the crash
Of battle, and the foeman smash.
And if perchance that jingo then
Should be among the fighting men,
And perish in the blood-red tide,
Say, would he then be satisfied?

Dora and Cassius.

Young Dora, down Kentucky way,
Did chores and things for Gin'ral Clay.

She was a child of tender age,
While he had reached the doting stage.

But Cassius Clay, though old and gaunt,
Was still a blooded old gallant.

And to himself the Ancient said:
"Methinks I'm not too old to wed."

Young Dora, flattered, nursed a dream
Of endless candy and ice cream.

Her heart within her leaped to think
Of countless sodas that she'd drink.

And how, right smartly primped and gowned,
She'd eat French candy by the pound.

And eke her neighbors she'd strike dumb
By using yards of chewing gum.

Therefore when Cassius made a play
Tow'rds marriage, he was met half way.

And when he murmured, "Be my wife,"
His handmaid answered, "Betcher life."

The knot was tied, but Dora soon
Grew weary of the honeymoon.

Ice cream and candy lost their charm,
And chewing gum was "not so warm."

Consumed with languor and with doubt
She dodged the Gin'ral and lit out.

Will Bryant, young and fresh and straight,
Met Dora at the outer gate.

And, smitten with her girlish grace,
Took boarding at the self-same place.

Whereat the Gin'ral, struck aghast,
Collapsed as though he'd breathed his last.

Now, on both sides the kith and kin
Of all concerned come piling in.

The rifle and the bowie-knife
Are ready for ensanguined strife.

And when the bloody feud is o'er.
'Most ev'ryone will be no more.

Yet Dora, in her childish way,
Just munches candy all the day.

Ah, that the Fates should ever so
O'erwhelm a white-haired Romeo!

Spring.

No; we can no more conceal it,
'Tis high time that we reveal it—
  That this fair and fragrant thing
Which by gliding in among us
Into ecstasies has flung us
  Is the spring, gentle spring.
    Tra la la!
    Hear us sing,
    Yes, 'tis spring.

Winter, dull and frozen-hearted,
Has undoubtedly departed—
  For a year he's taken wing,
Giving place, though far from willing,
To that fascinating, killing
  Damsel spring, gentle spring.
    Tra la la!
    Hear us sing,
    Yes, 'tis spring.

Hear the birdies how they warble,
They would get a heart of marble
  Or of iron on a string.
Each for better or for worse is
Wed and thinks not of divorces
  In the spring, gentle spring.
    Tra la la!
    Hear us sing,
    Yes, 'tis spring.

What though roads and streets are muddy
And the weather charts we study
  Wet prognostications bring.

It should hold us good and level
To remember that we revel
In the spring, gentle spring.
Tra la la!
Hear us sing,
Yes, 'tis spring.

With the dead past let us bury
The seductive Tom and Jerry;
Beer henceforward is the king.
And the druggist soon will load a
Marble fountain up with soda,
In the spring, gentle spring.
Tra la la!
Hear us sing,
Yes, 'tis spring.

One more word—avoid pneumonia,
Which assuredly will bone you
If you indiscreetly fling
Heavy clothes aside, for, look you,
Death is very prone to hook you
In the spring, gentle spring.
Tra la la!
Hear us sing,
Yes, 'tis spring.

Postscript.

Seventy thousand million curses
On these unpropitious verses—
Dingety jam, bam dod bang bing!
As we write a snowfall traps us
And the mercury collapses
In the spring, tricky spring.
Ow, ow, ow!
Hear us sing,
Nary spring.

Jolly Kaisers.

In old Budapest,
Of Hungarian fame,
Together they came,
Kaiser Franz and his guest,
Kaiser Willie, whose plan
Is his neighbors to hug
O'er the little brown jug
And the free-flowing can.

It tickled the town
Monarchs thus to behold,
Each so gallant and bold,
With his twenty-pound crown
Tilted back on his head
Just as much as to say,
"We are out to get gay,
And we'll paint the place red."

"Nun, mein Lieber," said Franz,
As the Kellner drew nigh,
"Shall we start off on rye?"
(Stowed away in his pants
Was a flask of the same.)
"Nay," quoth Willie, "Nicht das.
Let the tanglefoot pass
Till the end of the game."

So the Kellner drew near
And made haste to fill up
Each imperial cup
With old Bay'risches bier.
And the flagon-like steins
Were no sooner drained out
Than the emperors stout
Cried together, "Noch eins!"

Next the cup-bearers bore
On a rich-jeweled tray
A few quarts of tokay
From the blue Danube's shore.
" 'Tis hot stuff, Willie—not?"
Said old Franz, with a wink,
"Ach," says Will, " 'Tis a drink
That goes right to the spot."

Then there followed champagne,
Some old widow Clicquot,
Made in days long ago—
And of claret a drain,
And Madeira and port,
And Chartreuse. Over this
The boys started to kiss—
They were chockfull of sport.

Rye came in at the close
And the ultimate bowls
Fired the emperors' souls,
And they jointly uprose.
Shedding tears on the floor,
Each the other embraced
And with hearts interlaced
To be brothers they swore.

Hence 'tis perfectly clear
That if monarchs would fain
From dissension refrain
They must start in with beer.
And 'tis likewise no lie
That if brothers they'd be
They must also agree
To wind up on old rye.

In the Toils.

Drill, drill, drill,
  With unremitting toil,
And the poor producers work with a will
  Sapping the earth of oil.
They have hopes of profits fat,
  Which are of life the spice,
But the best of 'em doesn't know where he's at
  When the Standard cuts the price.

No monarch upon his throne
  Would have riches more profuse
If the pipe lines weren't the Standard's own,
  Than the men that oil produce.
There is wealth in the deep sunk well,
  But the "plans of men and mice
Gang aft aglee," and it's "oh, wot t'ell!"
  When the Standard cuts the price.

Drill, drill, drill,
  When the sun is shining bright.
Drill, drill, drill,
  Through the watches of the night.
With an open market,—say,
  Mines of gold would cut no ice
With the men on the oleaginous lay
  Till the Standard cuts the price.

Just five brief weeks ago
  Oil brought, with the Trust's consent,
One twenty a barrel—The quid pro quo
  Made many a heart content.
Has the output changed since then?
  Not much, but nowise nice
Is the language that comes from the lips of men
  As the Standard cuts the price.

Down to a dollar she drops,
And then to 99,
And she falls and falls and never stops
To rest in her quick decline.
'Tis not demand and supply,
Nor Fortune's cast of the dice,
But monopoly winking its ugly eye
As the Standard cuts the price.

Drill, drill, drill,
What use to count the cost
When individual effort still
By the same old trust is boss'd?
And it's oh for a pow'r to sweep
Away that thing of vice!
And it's oh to bury the trust down deep,
When the Standard cuts the price!

Satan Rebuked.

At Flushing, in the Empire state,
A town that's highly moral,
For virtue strictly up-to-date
The school board takes the laurel.
Its laws are moulded by the rules
Of custom Puritanic,
And peccadillos in the schools
Create a real panic.

There are among the teachers fair
Three maids of beauty striking,
Whom Satan, seeking to ensnare,
Induced to practice biking.
They biked at noon, they biked at eve;
They biked when schoolward hieing.
Some folks pretended to believe
They'd bike if they were dying.

Of course these maids could not conceal
Their strange and fatal weakness
For scudding to and fro awheel
With feminine uniqueness.
And so unto the school board came
A host of ugly rumors,
And gossips murmured, "Oh, for shame!
They're on the road to bloomers."

At this the grave directors met
And talked the matter over;
It filled them with profound regret
Such doings to discover.
They felt they couldn't tolerate
Three careless young carousers,
Whose wonderfully rapid gait
Would some day lead to trousers.

Forthwith they raked those maidens o'er
The coals, no mercy showing;
Each speaker showed how more and more
The world to sticks is going;
How women duty's call forget,
And go with dudes a-spooning,
And how those hateful wheels must yet
Result in pantalooning.

The maidens wept. What could they do?
Their case was past repairing;
And so they broke their wheels in two,
The use thereof forswearing.
And now in Flushing, this decree
Is firmly promulgated:
That wheels for woman all must be
Within her head located.

Not for Joe.

You've heard of Joseph Sibley, who
To farming fame aspires;
He farms upon a kite-shaped track
And grows pneumatic tires.
In politics he thinks he ought
To get a goodly show,
And hankers to be governor, but
That job is not for Joe.

Chorus.

Not for Joe, not for Joe,
Not for Joseph,
Oh dear no, sir,
Not for Joe, no, no, no,
The governorship is
Not for Joe.

Joe lives in old Venango, but
When he for office ran,
The Erie-Crawford voters chose
Him for their congressman.
And still their hearts with love of J.
So largely overflow,
That they want to make him governor, but
That job is not for Joe.

Cho.:—Not for Joe, etc.

In congress Joseph made a hit,
Free silver he upheld,
And when the Wilson bill came forth,
He valiantly rebelled.
His Democratic backers sought
A dark revenge, and so
They trot him out for governor, since
That job is not for Joe.

Cho.:—Not for Joe, etc.

The Populists beheld his course
With half-suspicious eye;
They said, "Let us indorse him and
Right there is where he'll die."
Old J. discreetly answered back:
"Hands off, kind friends, for lo,
If I'm your choice for governor, then
That job is not for Joe."

Cho.:—Not for Joe, etc.

The ruling Dems. at Harrisburg
Now mingled in the fun,
And cheerfully took Joey up
Since no one else would run.
"Get out your barrel, J.," they cried,
"And freely let her go,
" 'Tis nice to run for governor, though
That job is not for Joe."

Cho.:—Not for Joe, etc.

The voice of General Coxey, too,
Was raised in tones of zeal.
"I'm with you, J.," the general said,
"And so's the Commonweal."
The Commonweal, J. might have known,
Foreshadows comin' woe;
The governorship it settles, and
That job is not for Joe.

Cho.:—Not for Joe, etc.

If Joseph only profits by
The lessons of events,
He'll hie back to his kite-shaped track
And farming implements.
The governorship on General Dan
The people will bestow,
And crack a smile as they remark,
"That job is not for Joe."

The Equinox.

Now the time has come for voicing
Great and glorious rejoicing,
For the vernal equinox
Is on hand, bright-eyed and ruddy
And old winter with a thud he
From his coign of vantage knocks.
And this equinoctial stranger
By whose coming hearts are stirred
Entertains no thought of danger—
Such a thing would be absurd.
He's a bird, bird, bird, bird, bird, bird, bird.
He's a ripping, rattling equinoctial bird.

Fairly over the equator
Hangs Old Sol, the conservator
Of creation's vital spark.
He was somewhat misanthropic
While he hugged the southern tropic—
Then our clime was cold and dark.
But to-day he gives us gladly
Equal length of day and night,
And the poets carol madly
And declare the season quite
Out of sight, sight, sight, sight, sight, sight, sight;
They declare it to be strictly out of sight.

Bit by bit the Orb will creep up
Tow'rds the north and he will keep up
His performance ev'ry day,
Getting warmer as he travels,
Shutting up the man who cavils,
Making friends along the way,

Till in June he'll come to Cancer
And the boiling point he'll hit;
Farther north he can't advance or
He'd press on; but there he'll quit;
Yes, he'll quit, quit, quit, quit, quit, quit, quit,
Having roasted us and broiled us he will quit.

Blessings on that just arrangement
Which prohibits long estrangement
'Twixt ourselves and Ancient Sol.
After winter's blizzards vicious
'Tis a privilege delicious
Under balmy skies to loll.
Oh, tho' all the world may perish,
Let us hope that cruel shocks
Ne'er will touch the thing we cherish,
Our delightful equinox.
For it 'nox, 'nox, 'nox, 'nox, 'nox, 'nox, 'nox,
The persimmon—that's precisely what it 'nox.

From Cairo to the Cape.

Come Austin, Alfred Austin, wake up and earn your wage;
The glory of Great Britain now is at its highest stage.
Up, lad, and twang your laureate lyre. Don't let the chance escape
To glorify the pow'r that strides from Cairo to the Cape.

Along the valley of the Nile, across the wild Soudan,
Through parts of Darkest Africa scarce visited by man.
Where dwell the lordly elephant, the lion and the ape,
J. Bull is carving out his path from Cairo to the Cape.

Khartoum goes down before him with a heart-appalling thud,
Dear knows how many Dervishes lie welt'ring in their blood!
And, smitten in the portion of the neck that's called the nape,
The fierce Kalifa flies the track 'twixt Cairo and the Cape.

Who threatens at Fashoda? One Marchand—sacre bleu!—
A little hint from Kitchener soon shows him who is who,
Ah, many a Frenchman's family would soon be wearing crepe,
If the Mounseers dared to bar the way from Cairo to the Cape.

Along the edge of Congo, where the Belgians hold their own,
Past Ujiji and Zambe, brought to light by Livingstone;
On, on, past Bangweolo's lake, in true heroic shape
Sweeps Johnny Bull along the road from Cairo to the Cape.

Through Bechuanaland he goes. Tremendous is his gait,
No use for Boers and Hottentots to vent their spleen and hate.
Those warriors in mourning gear their citadels may drape.
For Bull is bound to make the run from Cairo to the Cape.

'Tis done. The road is open. Rivals in the cold are left.
Arise then, Mr. Laureate. Arise and show your heft.
Bid all the Britishers fill up on nectar from the grape,
In honor of the Queen's Highway from Cairo to the Cape.

Advice to the Shah.

There's a new Shah in Persia, a bright-looking chap,
Who will listen, perhaps, to a plain "verbum sap,"
To a bit of advice having visible force
Since it comes from a thoroughly civilized source.
So give ear, if you please, ere your work you begin,
To a few words of counsel, Muzaffer-ed-Din.

First, we haste to remind this incipient Shah
That his lately deceased and lamented papa
Of his ways saw the folly three decades ago,
And to mend 'em went trav'ling for years to and fro.
On returning the seeds of reform he put in.
Why not go and do likewise, Muzaffer-ed-Din?

Now the Shah that is dead, though he did fairly well
When the great wheels of progress he tried to propel,
Was a tyro at best and—unfortunate man!—
He survived not to finish the work he began.
Hence the rest of it falls on his nearest of kin,
Take it up, then, instanter, Muzaffer-ed-Din.

We are told that in Persia the natives perforce
Have been led superstitions of old to unhorse,
And with open reluctance, themselves to resign
To the railroad and eke to the telegraph line.
But they need something more if a place they would win
Among civilized nations, Muzaffer-ed-Din.

There's the hat a la stovepipe, which progress denotes,
There's the plan of electing a man without votes,
There's the "poster" disease and the bicycle hump,
There's the style of oration that's used on the stump,
And the ballet, which baldheads behold with a grin;
They are all worth a trial, Muzaffer-ed-Din.

You must not forget baseball. Your governing scheme
Should embrace an invincible Teheran team,
And you'll find that when Ispahan, Shiraz et cet.
Make a race for the pennant and cranks start to bet
The applause of the world you will certainly win,
There's no charge for this pointer, Muzaffer-ed-Din.

Just throw in the New Woman. Prepared is her sphere,
For your people already wear bloomers we hear.
Make your theater folk warble heart-stirring lays
On the model of "She May Have Seen Better Days."
Make each "copper" a statesman. (You say that's too
thin.
Well, perhaps,—but 'tis progress, Muzaffer-ed-Din.)

Now, Muzaffer, begin on the lines we have shown,
And you'll do yourself proud while you sit on the
throne,
For as ignorance fades and the glorious light
Of superlative culture comes fairly in sight,
All creation will swear by the Prophet's old chin
That there's never a fly on Muzaffer-ed-Din.

To a Lady in Distress.

O Lady Smith, O Lady Smith,
Unless we're much mistaken,
You're lacking in the means wherewith
To save your precious bacon.
Nearby a ruthless foeman waits.
In fashion nowise tender,
He soon will batter at your gates
And call for your surrender.

Aye, madam, 'neath the skilled command
Of Joubert, stern old marshal,
Twelve thousand Boers are close at hand,
And, ma'am, to gore they're partial.
They're seasoned hunters ev'ry one,
And 'tis no idle banter
To say that with unerring gun
They'll pot their game instanter.

They've come from veldts and drifts and neks
To ply a soldier's calling,
And, ma'am, they won't respect your sex;
You're certain of a mauling.
Unless—and this we sorely doubt—
You've adequate resources
To keep those fierce assailants out
And paralyze their forces.

Lo, even now the trumpet notes
Of quick assault give warning.
Oh, ma'am, tuck up your petticoats,
Nor think of danger scorning.
But with your cannon emphasize
Your hate of fighters shady
That would with shot and shell surprise
A Smith who is a lady.

O Lady Smith, O Lady Smith,
In such a situation
Why not invite your kin and kith
To lend co-operation.
If all the Smiths from foreign shores
Would but take up your quarrel,
They'd swiftly polish off the Boers
And wreathe your brow with laurel.

Aye, e'en the plain John Smiths would make
An army fully able
The pow'r of all the Boers to break—
Just call 'em, then, by cable.
For, Lady Smith, 'twill never do
If, through some painful blunder,
An interesting dame like you
Should suddenly go under.

Coamo.

This is the song of Coamo,
Where Hulings, the brave, with his legion
From Old Pennsylvania's oil region,
Came down on the Dons and o'erthrew 'em
And shot 'em and otherwise slew 'em.
It seemed one of Destiny's rulings
That nothing could stand before Hulings
Or cope with the courage infernal
Of the oil country boys and their colonel.

Girdled with walls is Coamo.
On all sides the mountains surround it.
Not easy our warriors found it.
To get there. The general commanding
Bid all march ahead notwithstanding.
To Hulings he said: "While we pound 'em
In front and our lines close around 'em
Go you to their rear, there to catch 'em.
And then we shall quickly dispatch 'em."

Ah for the fate of Coamo!
"All right, sir," quoth Hulings and, leading
His men, he was soon seen proceeding
O'er boulders and torrents swift-rushing,

Nor feared any Spaniard ambushing.
Not one of his soldier boys tarried,
But proudly the old flag they carried
And waved it with great airs and graces
In most inaccessible places.

Now in the rear of Coamo
At length Hulings' warriors gritty
Line up, while in front of the city
The mainguard's artillery batters
The walls, which it speedily shatters.
No use to wait there for a beating.
The Dons get the word for retreating.
They start, but unhappy their fate is,
For Hulings outside the back gate is.

Quick was the end at Coamo.
The Dons, although cornered and rattled,
With desperate bravery battled.
No terror their grit could diminish,
But Hulings soon showed 'em their finish,
And the general, on learning the wind-up,
Observed to the regiments lined up,
With countenance visibly brightening:
"Those oil country boys are chain lightning."

Willie's Dinner Party.

There were covers laid for fifty
Politicians shrewd and thrifty.
Willie Flinn, you see, was giving 'em a lay-out "a la carty."
At his invitation urgent
Ev'ry true and tried insurgent
Donned his spiketail and betook himself to Willie's dinner party.

Oh, the viands were delicious
There were rare and costly dishes
From the soup that mocked the turtle to the toast that never quailed.
And the guests they murmured "Trust us,
Mr. Flinn, to render justice
To your bill of fare," whereat the same they gallantly assailed.

And the host with visage shining
Says, "I'm proud to see you dining
Here to-day, and boys I'm hoping that you'll one and all eat hearty."
Ah, such ancients as Lucullus
Would have reason to be jealous
If they only saw the royal spread at Willie's dinner party.

There were speeches full of vigor,
Davy Martin cut a figure
Quite distinguished when he rattled off an anti-Quay oration.
John Dalzell in language polished
Mathew Stanley soon demolished,
And his views were hailed with evidence of real approbation.

Calvin Wells demanded credit
For the gentlemen who edit
Mr. Wanamaker's organs and with hot philippics fill 'em,
And Van Valkenburg dilated
On the furore he created
By his threats to hold the Quayites up and hammer 'em and kill 'em.

Koontz, of Somerset, describing
How the bribers did their bribing,
Made a famous hit. He told how in the lobby many a "smarty"
Used a "wad" but was detected
By the boys that "insurrected."
This delighted all the spotless ones at Willie's dinner party.

Wanamaker wasn't present,
His condition was unpleasant,
Since he happened to be laid up with a twenty-pound carbuncle.
But he sent a letter saying:
" 'Tis a noble game we're playing,
And I'm with you to a finish. Very truly yours—
Your Uncle."

Then there was a general slaughter
Of the best champagney water,
And of Burgundy, Madeira, claret, hock and port and sherry.
And those co-mates vowed that never
Would the fates their friendship sever,
But they'd cleave together always in a union chaste and merry.

After which the boys meandered
While the band of music rendered
Strains expensively Beethovenish and some of 'em Mozarty.
Thus the curtain fell and ended
The diversion great and splendid,
Which historians will enlarge upon as Willie's dinner party.

Slabtown.

At Slabtown, sev'ral days ago,
All coondom wore a merry glow,
And bright and sparkling was the flow
  Of Plum Creek rolling rapidly.

Great was the uproar and the fun;
Of bug-juice steady was the run.
Each Ethiopian had a gun
  And plunked his neighbor gallantly.

Speak-easies did a rushing trade,
The booze upon the spot was made,
'Twas keen as any razor blade,
  And deadly in its potency.

But on the colored heroes rushed
And charged the kegs and lushed and lushed,
And mugs were carved and craniums crushed
  In tantrums of insanity.

And there were stirring games of crap
All day and all the night on tap;
Bankrupting many a dusky chap
  And breeding rows promiscuously,

Amid the rattle of the bones
You'd hear 'em yell in murd'rous tones.
Bing, bang! Tremendous oaths and groans
  Would permeate the shrubbery.

Around the coons who tried their skill
Gay ladies loafed in deshabille,
Awaiting an invite to swill
  The product of the doggery.

And when the ladies got their load
With gaiety they overflowed,
And ugly-looking guns they showed
And fired 'em off right nobbily.

At night when Luna lit her lamp
The coons would carry out of camp
The corpses of the day, and damp
And drear would be their burial.

But burials quickly were forgot,
For some one else would soon be shot.
Dear, dear, but they had times red-hot
When Slabtown held its carnival!

But Slabtown saw another sight,
When Kersten came, in all his might,
Commanding fires of death to light
The haunts of giddy revelry.

And Plum Creek wore a carmine hue
When busted kegs of liquor flew
Athwart its tide, within the view
Of Afros, moaning wearily.

Farewell then, Slabtown. Here's a toast
Unto the boys that laid thy ghost:
Oh, may their days be long to roast
The pow'rs that deal in deviltry.

Seavey's Isle.

From Seavey's isle they've sailed away,
  Cervera and his seamen.
In jail they made a two-months' stay
  And now they all are freemen.
They're sailing back to sunny Spain,
  But though their thraldom's over,
They'd like to strike that jail again,
  For there they were in clover.

Before Cervera's famous fleet
  Was sunk, their woe was utter,
They didn't have a thing to eat,
  Not even bread and butter.
So keenly hunger's pangs they felt
  That with despairing faces,
They tightened every man his belt
  To close the hollow spaces.

Now when these lads were yanked to jail,
  All fresh from scenes of slaughter,
They looked with countenances pale
  For naught but bread and water.
And, oh, you should have seen 'em grin
  When Uncle Sam, the sinner,
Sang out, "My skinny friends, pitch in,"
  And sat 'em down to dinner.

He served up tubs of milk and soup,
  And tons of beef and bacon,
And springtime chickens from the coop
  In countless dozens taken.
Cold slaw and mushrooms, garden truck,
  Bologna, rice and sago,
Such luck before was never struck
  By any Spanish dago.

Now such a life as this was sweet.
By dint of meals and luncheons,
Those Dons, with naught to do but eat,
Swelled out as big as puncheons.
Perceiving what might happen here,
Says Uncle Sam, half weeping,
"I'll have to ship you home for fear
You'd burst while in my keeping."

And that is why they sail to-day
Across the ocean briny,
Four hundred pounds apiece they weigh,
And all are sleek and shiny.
And when the Dons at home in Spain
Behold these fattened sailors,
They'll all be rushing o'er the main
To board with Yankee jailers.

Boley on the Watch.

Now from his castle turret Sir Boley casts his eye
Upon the outstretched landscape, the plain, the sea and sky.
His brow is pale and anxious, his mouth is drawn and hard,
With Brennen at his elbow and the chairmanship to guard.

"Say, Boley," quoth the chairman, "dost thou perchance behold
Far off upon the highroad a foeman blithe and bold;
Some cavalier pretentious, sent hitherward by Sipe
To paralyze our henchmen and the chairmanship to swipe?"

"Nay, nay," the judge responded, "mine eyes are true and keen,
But I behold no cavalier as yet upon the scene.
Be calm, good brother William, don't yield thee to despair,
As long as I can wield the lance, thou'lt hold that blessed chair."

"Hark, Bole," quoth Brennen trembling, "what distant noise is that?
Don't tell me it's a thunder-clap; don't tell me it's the cat.
Like to the tramp of Xerxes' host across the grassy plain;
Methinks ten thousand Rutledges are after me again."

"Now, prithee, William," said the judge, "do let thine heart be still,
Yon sound is not of savage men, who mean to burn and kill;
The mighty host that passes is merely out for fun;
'Tis but the gang of postmasters en route to Washington."

Big beads of sweat stood out upon Sir William's marble brow;
He saw Pat Foley, Larkin, too, and recognized them now.
"May Providence be praised," he said, "that peaceful men are they,
Too busy holding Grover up to take my chair away."

The army passed and soon another dubious cloud of dust
Appeared on the horizon to Brennen's great disgust.
"Hand me my culverin," he cried, "no more suspense for me,
To arms! to arms! that chair of mine must never captured be."

"Peace, caitiff," Bole responded, "the cloud that yonder looms
Is only Tim O'Leary, who's laden down with booms;
He, too, is bound for Washington with Grover to confer,
And careth not though from that chair thou nevermore shouldst stir."

At this the chairman brightened, the anguish left his soul;
He saw the coast was keeping clear. He put his trust in Bole.
And well he might, for haply no man will ever dare
To break a lance with William while Boley guards the chair.

The Girl Graduate.

What form is this whose charms serene
With delicate and lustrous sheen,
The stage illuminate?
Is't Venus or Diana? Nay,
'Tis one far lov'lier than they—
The sweet girl graduate.

In robes of virgin white she stands,
With jewels on her dainty hands,
And flow'rets in her hair.
Her glass has told her of her charms,
And so she feels no strange alarms,
Nor shirks the footlights' glare.

A thousand dudes in yellow shoes,
And neckties of hilarious hues,
Look on with lovesick eyes.
Their gaze she does not fear to meet,
But just to bring them to her feet
Her level best she tries.

A hush upon the audience falls;
Deep interest its soul enthralls,
No covert sneer doth lurk
When she unties a ribbon blue,
And opens up to public view
Her essay—peerless work!

Now, now she lets the torrents loose
Of learning vast, and thoughts abstruse,
Worthy of sages old.
The field of rhetoric for flow'rs
She ransacks. Wondrous are the pow'rs
That here themselves unfold.

Scarce have the plaudits died away,
When lo! she seats herself to play
Piano solos grand.
Mozart, Tschaikowsky, Sydney Smith,
She bangs and slams and rattles with
A finely cultured hand.

She closes. Flow'rs fall round her fast,
How can she ever be outclassed?
Folks ask with flushing cheek.
Ask of young Counter Jumper who
Gets twelve per month, his honest due;
She'll marry him next week.

The Mandolin Club.

O list to the music that's borne on the breeze,
(Tink-a-tink, tink-a-tunk, tink-a-tay);
Like the ripple of wavelets on sweet summer seas
(Tink-a-tonk, tink-a-tank, tink-a-too).
No semblance of discord the harmony warps,
One would think 'twas the angels performing on harps,
But 'tis only a concert of mandolin sharps
(Twink-a-twank, twink-a-twunk, twink-a-twee).

Refrain.

Then hearken with rapture beyond all compare,
To the sweet twinkle-twankling that twunks through the air.
Flee away from the brass band's delirious blare,
And the orchestra's giddy hubbub.
Dull care to the winds will at once be consigned,
And a solace for grief you'll immediately find,
In the gentle and soft twinkle-twanklesome grind
Of the twunklesome Mandolin club.
(Twink-a-twoo.)

Beethoven's sonatas they play like old vets
(Tink-a-tink, tink-a-tunk, tink-a-tay);
And full justice they do to the "High School Cadets"
(Tink-a-tonk, tink-a-tank, tink-a-too).
The waltzes of Strauss and Waldteufel they play
In a witchingly winsome and delicate way;
Till you wish they'd keep at it all night and all day.
(Twink-a-twank, twink-a-twunk, twink-a-twee).

Ref.—Then hearken with rapture, etc.

The "Dead March in Saul" they can render with skill
(Tink-a-tink, tink-a-tunk, tink-a-too).
And the strains of the "Yorke" they reel off with a will
(Tink-a-tonk, tink-a-tank, tink-a-too).

"McGinty," "Tannhaeuser," the songs of the war,
"Semiramide," "White Wings" and "Rory O'More,"
Are among the bright things in their vast repertoire.
(Twink-a-twank, twink-a-twunk, twink-a-twee).

Ref.—Then hearken with rapture, etc.

Pianos and organs must move to the rear
(Tink-a-tink, tink-a-tunk, tink-a-tay).
Their light is bedimmed while the mandolin's here
(Tink-a-tonk, tink-a-tank, tink-a-too).
The future May Festival, all must agree,
Will be shaped to conform to the people's decree,
And a mandolin carnival surely 'twill be
(Twink-a-twank, twink-a-twunk, twink-a-twee).

Ref.—Then hearken with rapture, etc.

The Boy Graduate.

He mounts the stage. His brow is clear,
He knows no qualm, no puny fear,
No quiver of dismay.
Noble and lofty is the state
Of youthful Mr. Graduate
Upon commencement day.

Garments brand-new his form bedeck,
A tow'ring collar walls his neck,
His cuffs are snowy white.
Who, in such radiant togs as these,
Could stoop to weak'ning at the knees,
Beset with vulgar fright?

Not he. The proud and happy lad
Expertly coached and nobly clad,
Feels "to the manor born."
Genius his soaring soul expands,
And fame nearby awaiting stands—
He views the mob with scorn.

What's this that he unfolds? Oh, yes
It is, it is, a large MS.,
With burning thoughts inscribed.
The people listen with intense
Delight, till all his eloquence
They've joyously imbibed.

All nature's secrets he unlocks,
The rules of science orthodox
He handles like a sage.
Problems that make our statesmen swear
He settles with astuteness rare
In this benighted age.

Then, when the thunders of applause
Have ceased, and he at length withdraws,
'Mid torrents of bouquets,
The glee club claims him, and he takes
His turn at rippling trills and shakes
In rattling college lays.

Alas! that after college days,
With light and life and hope ablaze,
There comes a cold, cold deal;
When heroes of the stage must try
Their luck at hustling, or—oh, my!—
Go join a "Commonweal."

Paddy Rewski.

A strain of mourning fills the air; a strain of anguish
keen,
Because the god-like maestro has vanished from the
scene.
Unto their grief our Pittsburg maids unceasingly give
vent,
The world for them has lost its charm since
Paddy
Rewski
Went.

The mem'ry of his tawny hair is like a bushy dream.
Three feet of wiry waviness—a poet's fitting theme.
Out, out upon close-shaven heads! Who cares a
copper cent
For ordinary barber work since
Paddy
Rewski
Went.

His features they are classic, and he has a melting eye;
He doesn't wear a spiketail coat like any common guy;
His limblets are a poem, in their movements eloquent,
We'll never see their like again since
Paddy
Rewski
Went.

They say he plays sonatas and symphonic thingumbobs,
Which move expert musicians to indulge in pray'rs and
sobs;
But music doesn't enter to a very great extent
Into what the girls are thinking of since
Paddy
Rewski
Went.

O ye who at his altar have been worshiping, suppose
The whole ecstatic crowd go after "Pad" where'er he goes.
'Tis only thus that kindred souls forever can be blent
And wipe out all the pangs one feels since
Paddy
Rewski
Went.

Columbus.

Bring the good old Caravel across the seas, yeo-ho!
Bring her as she first was brought four hundred years ago,
When she came for Yankeeland a-hunting high and low,
Thanks to the nerve of Columbus.

Chorus.

Hurrah, hurrah! Let's sing the praise of Chris.
Hurrah, hurrah! Just think what we would miss
If Chris had never stumbled on a land so fair as this;
That's what we owe to Columbus.

In the town of Genoa Columbus first drew breath.
People there still ask you, "Didgenoabout his death?"
For he is forgotten there; so many an expert saith;
That's pretty rough on Columbus.

Pedagogues insisted that the earth was wholly flat;
Christopher declared he couldn't let it go at that.
Thereupon the nincompoops with big rattans got at
And tanned the hide of Columbus.

Christopher grew up and went a-sailing on the sea.
"In the course of time I'll knock out Captain Cook,"
thought he.
Cook had not been born yet, but the gift of prophecy
Lurked in the soul of Columbus.

Isabella met the lad (she was the Queen of Spain);
Thought he was dead gone on her, for Belle was pretty
vain.
"Christopher," she said, "for thee my bank account I'll
drain."
Right in the swim was Columbus.

Bella she put up the cash; Columbus did the rest;
Sailed away from Palos toward the undiscovered west.
Everybody thought the scheme was but a merry jest;
But they were fooled in Columbus.

Glorious the triumph was when Yankeeland he struck,
Filled with copper-colored folks and lots of garden
truck.
"Gentlemen," says Christopher, "this is a run of luck."
Those were the words of Columbus.

Other foreign immigrants came after, when they saw
That the Indians didn't have a contract labor law;
Hence the Union flourishes with more or less eclat,
All on account of Columbus.

Therefore join us, young and old, and make the welkin
ring.
Hymns of jubilation let us all in chorus sing,
Thankful for the good things that continue still to
spring
Out of the cruise of Columbus.

Lullaby.

Over the mountains to Booze-Away Land,
Bye-bye, bye-bye.
Where fairies are sporting on Tamarack strand,
Bye-bye, bye-bye.
Weary eyes closing and legs getting weak,
Tongue getting thick—ah, 'tis hard now to speak,
Papa's been on it, dear babe, for a week,
Bye-bye, bye-bye.

Daily he trudges to Barrelhouse Town,
Bye-bye, bye-bye.
His nose it is red and his taste is seal brown,
Bye-bye, bye-bye.
Bright is the sheen of the dollars he spends,
Setting 'em up for his thousands of friends;
A white-aproned goblin upon him attends,
Bye-bye, bye-bye.

Alcohol River's aglow in the sun,
Bye-bye, bye-bye.
Dad goes a-swimmin' when he has the "mon,"
Bye-bye, bye-bye.
Rivulets enter its bosom so clear,
Rhine wine, and claret, ale, porter and beer,
But King Corn-Juice lays over 'em all, never fear,
Bye-bye, bye-bye.

See where the boas and copperheads play,
Bye-bye, bye-bye.
Always frisk round when the old man's that way,
Bye-bye, bye-bye.
Take him away where the Strait Jackets dwell,
Into a cute little Hospital Cell;
Medical fairies will soon make him well,
Bye-bye, bye-bye.

Grand is the kingdom of Do-It-No-More,
Bye-bye, bye-bye.
Dad will land there when the circus is o'er,
Bye-bye, bye-bye.
O little babe, when to manhood you grow,
Never to Booze-Away Land must you go;
Look at your father, and tell me "No, no!"
Bye-bye, bye-bye.

Chautauqua.

Chautauqua! O thou sacred spot,
Where idle tourists linger not;
Where vulgar sports, of habits low,
Their brazen faces never show;
Where fakirs for their arts profane
A license ask, but ask in vain;
And where enlightened laws exclude
The noxious lady-killing dude;
The vivid fact we can't disguise—
Thou art a Christian paradise.

Pure are the ways thou walkest in,
Unlike those garish haunts of sin,
Seaside resorts, where throng like sheep
The vulgar, making angels weep.
Tom, Dick and Harry there combine
To soak themselves with rosy wine.
Along the beach the maidens scoot,
Each in a scanty bathing suit.
The righteous man, with burning cheek,
Must turn from these thy charms to seek.

Lo, in thy temples do we find
Sublime reflection for the mind.
Thy people nearly all possess
A score of titles, more or less.
Doctors, Professors, Reverends, too,
In all directions are on view;
And every one his chance doth wait
To mount the platform and orate.
Thine is, in fact, Chautauqua dear,
A most didactic atmosphere.

Rostrums and blackboards huge abound;
They're utilized by thinkers sound;
Philosophers with heads that bulge,
Who scientific truths divulge;
Linguists well versed in ev'ry freak
Of Latin, Hebrew, French and Greek;
Artistic sharps who'd have you know
That they could teach Mike Angelo.
Glory is theirs that never fades
In blest Chautauqua's classic shades.

The woman on the suffrage lay—
Of course, you know, "she'd-talk-away,"
And so she does. Her light's not hid,
For John stays home to mind the kid,
And while his hand the cradle rocks
She lectures on the ballot box.
This feat, so woman-like and cute,
Brings forth the handkerchief salute,
And as the girls the speaker greet,
They vow Chautauqua's "just too sweet."

Alas, Chautauqua, with distress
The ghastly truth we must confess,
With thee and thine we can't consort,
Because on goodness we are short.
Excuse our conscienceless remarks,
But we prefer midsummer larks
To hearing the discourse complex
Of Doctor Y. or Reverend X.
Therefore, thy charms with reverend awe
We'll worship from afar.

Ta, ta

Election Day.

Daybreak: The dawn with smiling face
Illuminates the polling place;
Lights up the frosty sidewalk where
Election officers repair,
To figure out with caution due
Which one is which and who is who,
And, swearing one another in,
The business of the day begin.
Inspectors, clerks and judges, all
Within the booths themselves install;
And watchers, early on the ground,
Look wise and idly stand around
Till with a self-approving grin,
The first stray voter ambles in.
A candidate or two comes by
To see that nothing is awry,
And in the foreground, full of grace,
A copper stands and twirls his mace.

Midday: Now doth the fight wax hot,
A hundred men are on the spot;
The heeler, rounder, thug and bloat
Beset the man who wants to vote.
In all directions, left and right,
Police and firemen are in sight,
With hosts of other active chaps,
Who live on soft official snaps.
The challenger now cuts a swath
And leaves his victims white with wrath.
Prone in the dust will he be laid
Whose taxes yet remain unpaid.
The candidates, with anxious air,
Are here and there and ev'rywhere;
Liquor there is in large supply;
From hand to hand the greenbacks fly,
While calm and heedless of the fray
The Baker ballot pounds away.

Evening: The hard-fought battle's o'er,
The warriors cleanse themselves of gore.
Still on the sidewalk loafs the crowd,
Beery, obstreperous and loud.
The board within takes off its coat,
And figures up the total vote.
At last returns are given out,
And greeted with a rousing shout.
Moved by the mob's approving cheers,
The winners set up countless beers.
The losers, when they hear the news,
Sneak off unseen and get the blues.
This ends it all. At once the town
Gets sobered up and simmers down;
Business resumes its even flow,
All things return to statu quo,
And war's alarms are filed away
Until the next election day.

Turning the Tables.

If Roberts should turn the tables;
If when he gets the bounce
He has the grit
And ready wit
His foemen to denounce;
If in terms distinct he labels
The false-pretending crew
That makes to-day
A virtuous play
What then will congress do?

They call his life improper;
They say that prison gyves
Would fit the case
Of the Mormon base
Who sports a trio of wives.
But what if a sudden stopper
Were placed on the statesmen who
Dark byways tread
With wives unwed?—
Then what would congress do?

For among those purists smiting
The man from Utah state
There's many a one
That never was known
To walk in pathways straight.
And after their blatherskiting
If Roberts should bring to view
In vengeful style
Their covert guile
Then what would congress do?

And why should he not thus settle
His score with the snarling pack
That rolls its eyes
And loudly cries:
"A sinner thou art! Stand back!"
Ah, friends, if a man of mettle
Would tell us just who is who
And what is what
In that plague-struck spot,
Then what would congress do?

Lay on, then, Roberts, and spare not;
With the rod of truth chastise
The sorry array
That make their play
Togged out in virtue's guise.
Lay on, sir, and forbear not,
Till we know the record true
Of the statesmen all
That seek your fall.
Then what will congress do?

Goosebone Wisdom.

What warning voice is this we hear?
Lo, 'tis the goosebone prophet who
Alarms us with a forecast blue,
(His liver must be out of gear).

Like to Cassandra, who in days
Long past, gave all the world a chill
By prophesying nought but ill
The goosebone sharp his views conveys.

No sign propitious can he see.
His osseous indicator shows
No trace of aught but blackest woes;
A most dyspeptic cuss is he.

"Be warned," he cries, "Ye mortals all
This year you'll miss the keen delight
That's in a winter crisp and white,
The mercury will refuse to fall.

"No friendly snow the earth will deck
Inviting youths and maids to glide
In sleighs across the country side;
Such joys will get it in the neck.

"The small boy, with his bumping sled,
Will have no chance to yell, 'Track, track;'
And lay the trav'ler on his back.
Bunged up with cold, he'll lie abed.

"And there will be no stretches vast
Of solid, smooth and glassy ice
Skatorial artists to entice.
The skater's happy day is past.

"Old Santa Claus when he comes out
By seas of mud will be appalled;
His dainty reindeer will be stalled.
The Saint will shake his job, no doubt.

"Then, owing to the Christmas mean,
All hands will sicken and collapse
And then the doctors, lucky chaps!
Will fill their wallets with long green."

Thus speaks the Goosebone sharp. And oh,
If what he says were really true,
To give that sour old boy his due,
We'd get an ax and lay him low.

Gatacre's Inveiglement.

Out spake Gatacre boldly as the natives flocked around:
"Now who will guide mine army to the burghers' camping ground?
For I am on my way to join Methuen, but before
We meet I want to wipe out ev'ry intervening Boer.
Speak up, then. Ample recompense will fall unto the lot
Of whosoever humps himself and leads me to the spot."

Forth stepped some aborigines. Of guileless mien were they.
"Command us, honored sir," they said; "we'll guide you on your way.
We know the veldt from end to end. We know the torrents swift.
We're onto ev'ry kopje, ev'ry neck and ev'ry drift.
Besides, we're true and faithful, and your army, never fear,
With guidance such as we supply will get the proper steer."

The deal was closed instanter, and the British marched along
With confidence unflinching. Were they not four thousand strong,
And had they not of deadly arms a plentiful supply?
Well might they yearn to sight the Boers and catch 'em on the fly.
"In sooth," the bold Gatacre said, "my plans can hardly fail.
And 'twill be strange if any Boer survives to tell the tale."

"Bang, boom!" What's that? "Boom, bang!" What's this? On center, left and right
A hundred flashes overcome the darkness of the night,
And through the British columns, taken wholly unawares,
A hail of shells and rifle balls incessant rips and tears.
While to the ears of Gatacre, that warrior of renown
A laugh of mockery is borne. Those guides have done him brown.

No chance to rally now. No hope of silencing the foe.
Thus trapped, the Britishers have not the semblance of a show.
With lines cut up and hearts bowed down, those warriors undone
Have no recourse remaining but at once to cut and run,
While those whom they designed to slay, with vengeful thoughts aglow,
Pursue the fugitive brigades and smash 'em as they go.

So comes from poor Gatacre the woe-begone report
That his campaign of triumph has been suddenly cut short.
"I'm sorry, gentlemen," he writes, "it cuts me to the quick
To think that I should ever fail a band of Boers to lick."
And henceforth when Gatacre takes his troops to parts unknown
He'll give the native guides the shake and play his hand alone.

Objurgatory.

Lo, the cup of German wrath
  Is uncomfortably full,
All by reason of the swath
  That is cut by Johnny Bull.
For his emmissaries bag
 In a most offensive way
Ships that fly the German flag
  Down by Dalagoa bay.
Over bows they're firing shots
  (This their nation ill befits),
And the reichstag thunders "Potz!"
  And the kaiser mutters "Blitz!"

Ask Bull the reason why
  On his high horse thus he rides,
To the question he'll reply,
  "'Tis the fault of Dr. Leyds.
None that knows the truth disputes
  That this agent of the Boers
Has been drumming up recruits
  And accumulating stores;
And since Germans take his cash,
  Their offense is mighty rank,
Driving me to mutter 'Dash!'
  While my people thunder 'Blank!'"

Frenchmen join the hue and cry,
  "Bull," they say, "may rule the seas,
But he cannot justify
  Hateful infamies like these.
No; he can't assert the right
  Like a cat to lie in wait,
Seizing ev'rything in sight,
  Whether passengers or freight
He's a pirate; he's a wrecker;
  He cares not a fig for law;
Here the men of France cry 'Sacre!'
  And the journals shout 'A bas!'"

Bull, impassive as a rock,
Hears it all and doesn't blanch;
He expects no battle shock
From the Germans or the French.
So he gathers in his prey,
And he never cares a pin
What his critics choose to say
As the ships he gathers in!
Let 'em freely wag the jaw
While of indignation full.
"Potz!" "Blitz!" "Sacre!" and "A Bas"—
They are all the same to Bull.

"In Extremis."

"Now hang it all," says Chamberlain, "this thing has gone too far,
Tho' 'tis glory that we seek,
We are licked three times a week.
We need a man like Roberts, who won fame at Candahar,
Or like Kitchener to soak
These unruly burgher-folk.
Our strategists are rusty and their tactics are n. g.
Their method of campaigning simply isn't worth a D.
'Tis perfectly disgraceful that high rollers such as we,
Rich and brave and big and strong
Should be walloped right along."

Roberts at the summons comes upon the double quick,
And he makes obeisance low
To the Honorable Joe.
"Now, my boy," says Joseph, "'tis for you to do the trick,
You must scoot across the wave
And the nation's honor save.

Gatacre has been razzled on his journey from the Cape,
Methuen has been paralyzed and pounded out of shape,
And Buller—well for Buller's troops we're mostly wearing crepe.
Hors de combat are they all.
That's why you receive a call."

"Well and good," says Roberts, "your command shall be obeyed.
Though my hair is snowy white
Still I'm not afraid to fight.
All my brethren have been whipped, but hang it! Who's afraid?
With decided ease and grace
Mr. Joubert I will face.
It isn't very pleasant for a man to risk his fame
By taking up the thread of an infernal losing game,
And though I later on may find that Dennis is my name,
I am ready for the trip
And I'll try to let 'er rip."

Kitchener is ordered to accompany his chief.
He's the stout and sturdy man
Who won out in the Soudan.
The coming of the pair of 'em gives promise of relief
(If their fame is not a myth)
To beleaguered Ladysmith.
And to the troops demoralized that now are on the ground
'Tis glorious to hear about the heroes thither bound,
But Kruger only winks his eye and says, "When they come round
Will our people have to flee?
Ha, ha, ha! Just wait and see."

McKinley's Message.

Congress from its labors dizzy
Suddenly was bid to cease.
Members loud and brisk and busy
Simmered down and held their peace.
In the house forensic bruisers
Ceased to make a grand stand play.
In the senate ancient snoozers
Closed their eyes and snored away.

For the voice of Pruden ringing
Loud and clear proclaims to men
That a message he is bringing
From the presidential pen.
And the statesmen must be docile;
None must praise or blame or scoff,
While the document colossal
By a clerk is rattled off.

Lo, the clerk with visage solemn
In a high-pitched monotone
Reels off colum after column
With full many an inward groan,
Till at last his voice comes thinly
And he finds it hard to speak,
For that message from McKinley
Seems as if 'twould last a week.

Plans for strengthening our finances,
Little stabs at trade combines
And occasional side-glances
At our neighbors' monkey-shines.
Treaty outlines, full of promise,
Words of thankfulness sincere
To convince the doubting Thomas
That prosperity is here.

Diagrams of our campaigning
On the Filipino shore;
Pledges meant to check complaining
From the Cubans, always sore.
Tips on many a happy presage
Of good times within our land,
All are furnished in that message
From McKinley's honored hand.

But, although the thread they're losing,
Which may seem a trifle odd,
Still the senators keep snoozing
And the other fellows nod.
And they hear it not nor heed it
For this reason, which is true,
That in print some day they'll read it
When they've nothing else to do.

Where Can Aggie Be?

They say that Aguinaldo is no longer to be found;
That somehow he has slipped away from Luzon's bloody ground.
They're searching for him high and low, on land and on the sea,
But all in vain. He can't be traced. Oh, where can Aggie be?

Perhaps he's in the Transvaal pounding Johnny Bull.
Perhaps he's in a temperance town, getting good and full.
Perhaps he's up in cloudland with a harp and crown.
Perhaps—perhaps—but what's the use? We can not run him down.

A nimble leg has Aggie. When he first received a hint
That Uncle Sam meant business, he at once began to sprint.
Says Otis: "This will never do. We must not let him flee,"
But now the general wonders where on earth can Aggie be?

Perhaps he's gone to Russia with a bombshell for the czar.
Perhaps he's being kodaked as the only shooting star.
Perhaps he's playing football in the realm of cap and gown.
Perhaps—perhaps—but what's the use? We can not run him down.

Our troops kept gamely on his trail. They hustled after Ag
From Calembangaloocan to the wilds of Balinag.
They often thought they had him, but just like the Irish flea,
He wasn't there. He wouldn't stay. Oh, where can Aggie be?

Perhaps he's in Kentucky doubling up the Goebel vote.
Perhaps he's drinking Clicquot with the Prince and Joey Choate.
Perhaps he's gone to Hades with the Ancient Boy to sup.
Perhaps—perhaps—but what's the use? We give the rascal up.

The Open Door.

Now in a chorus uniform,
  A great harmonious strain,
That overpow'rs the howling storm
  And echoes o'er the main,
The nations join. In such a lay
  They've never joined before;
For the rattling song they sing to-day
  Is the song of the open door.

Open door on Chinese coast. Heathen shan't say nay.
Open door in Cochin; open door in Mandalay.
Break the lock of the Orient. Riches are in store.
There's golden coin for the pow'rs that join in the song
  of the open door.

The voice of England leads the stave;
  "O brethren mine," quoth she,
" 'Tis not the land and loot I crave
  In climes beyond the sea.
To hopes of blessed peace I cling
  Unmix'd with thoughts of gore,
And in this righteous mood I sing
  The song of the open door.

Open door in Africa—soon 'twill be in shape.
Open door along the line from Cairo to the Cape.
Afrikanders, hold your peace. Proudly to the fore,
Is Progress, stepping onward to the song of the open
  door.

The German kaiser's basso voice
  Comes in to swell the tune.
The Japs do likewise, and rejoice
  With allies to "reune."

And last, but nowise least, you'll hear
On fair Columbia's shore,
Sent out from Uncle Sammy's throat,
The song of the open door.

Open door, Samoa, shall forevermore be thine,
Open door—hold on, though; we must somewhere
draw the line.
If Luzon, too, must be unlocked, why, then, perhaps no
more
You'll hear your Uncle Sammy sing the song of the
open door.

The Gobbler's Doom.

He does not know. He harbors no suspicion
Of ruin high.
No sign of aught to alter his condition
Can he espy.

With head erect and ample breast expanded
He struts around.
No fears has he of foes against him banded—
He knows his ground.

What if the farmer now doth feed him double
To make him fat?
Quoth he: "A gobbler has the right to gobble.
No doubt of that."

And when strange people come around and eye him,
And note his size,
He feels that they are there to glorify him.
That's no surprise.

For is he not the noblest thing that's living—
A sovereign born?
And gossips rude that talk about Thanksgiving
He laughs to scorn.

He to be slaughtered! He to make a dinner
For gourmands gay!
'Twould take a fearfully case-hardened sinner
To act this way.

Ask of the hens that humbly gather round him;
They'll all declare
That none can overawe him or confound him.
He knows no scare.

And yet—this in a whisper we're revealing—
We'll soon behold
The ax across that gobbler's jugular stealing,
Keen-edged and cold.

This tale is duly with a moral salted:
Remember, all,
That pride, stiff-necked and overly exalted
Must have a fall.

Poe.

Heroes invincible, patriots, warriors,
Statesmen whose names are on tables of gold,
Poets, philosophers, fistical "tarriers,"
All that by Fame on her list are enrolled.
Lights of antiquity, notables latter-day,
Ne'er will again have the ghost of a show.
Dwarfed and o'ershadowed they all were last Saturday;
Now the world's worshiping centers on—Poe.

What is the trade of him? What is the style of him?
What makes him greater and grander than all?
Why does the multitude hang on the smile of him?
Why is the universe under his thrall?
Wherefore will babes be endowed with the name of him,
Which the fond parents rejoice to bestow?
Whence the spectacular, earth-shaking fame of him?
Marvelous, mighty, redoubtable Poe!

Is he a new sort of mental phenomenon,
  Is he a demigod ,far above men,
Blest with the gifts of a Greek or a Roman 'un
  Such as we mortals may ne'er see again?
Is he a conqueror, bard or philosopher?
  Is he with fire superhuman aglow,
That this old earth should accept as the boss of her
  Glorious, wonderful, wizard-like Poe?

None of these roles is one-half big enough for him,
  Wider and nobler by far is his sphere;
Only one human pursuit is the stuff for him,
  Only one calling on earth he holds dear.
Ask for old Princeton whose prowess revealed for her
  Glories that will sempiternally glow?
Who against Yale kicked a goal from the field for her?
    List to the roar of 'em.
    Ninety-nine score of 'em
  Thunder the answer: Who was it but Poe?

A Meteoric Deception.

Put away the kodak and the lengthy telescope.
    File the heavenly charts away
    Till a more propitious day.
Shed a bitter tear or two and bid good-bye to hope.
    There is sorrow in the cup,
    And we've got to drink it up.
The scientists contracted for a great and glorious show
None like it had been seen since three and thirty years
      ago—
With meteors the realms of Space, they said, would be
      aglow.
    But 'twas all a hollow cheat
    And the meteors didn't mete.

Thousands of the populace sat up and watched the sky.
Not a blessed wink they slept,
But a steady vigil kept.
Nobody amongst 'em had the nerve to close an eye;
None would venture on a snooze
Lest the spectacle he'd lose.
They sat and sat and sat and sat and sat and sat and sat,
And strained their eyes till many a one was blind as any bat
But ah, their weary vigil turned out profitless and flat.
They were victims of deceit,
For the meteors didn't mete.

On the Allegheny hills Brashear was on the watch
In an eager attitude;
To a lens his eye was glued.
Close at hand were cameras the gorgeous sight to catch,
Ev'ry kodak cocked and primed
And with accuracy timed.
A multitude around him watched his ev'ry move with awe.
They knew that in his processes there couldn't be a flaw.
But somewhere in the small hours he was heard to cry,
"Oh, pshaw!"
Then he beat a quick retreat
For the meteors didn't mete.

Clouds did all the mischief. They were piled up thick and black
And they acted as a bar
To the festive falling star.
Ev'ry blessed meteor was driven off the track,
And no other show'r is due
Until 1932.
No wonder that vindictive ones are looking for Brashear.
No wonder that a sleepless mob is wildly on its ear.
No wonder that the awfulest anathemas we hear,
Far too wicked to repeat,
For the meteors didn't mete.

Dreyfus Avenged.

Ah, little did the Frenchmen know
When Dreyfus they were hounding,
That Nemesis was lying low
To take revenge astounding.
Had they foreseen the awful fruits
Of Dreyfus' cruel sentence,
They'd all have trembled in their boots
And made a swift repentance.

But all unchecked the men of guile
Achieved their shameful purpose.
Their victim went to Devil's Isle
Beyond all habeas corpus.
And all too late they brought him back
And loosed the chain that bound him,
For Nemesis was on their track
Determined to confound 'em.

To-day, behold, the crushing blow
Upon their heads is falling.
Their great and glorious Expo
Will meet a fate appalling.
To Thomas, peerless Theodore,
For music they are turning,
But vainly, vainly they implore;
Their offers he is spurning.

His answer is both hot and strong,
He glares and thunders: "Diable!
Think you I'd trust my band among
Your mischief-making rabble?
Begone, avaunt! No base Mounseers
My peerless men shall rope in.
Just think of feasting brigand ears
On Mendelssohn and Chopin!

"I'd rather die than treat you to
Tschaikowsky and Beethoven,
Or even to such lights brand-new
As Herbert and DeKoven.
From me you'll never, never drag
A single theme or chanson;
You'll get no tempo of the rag,
No Massenet, no Saint-Saens."

This floors 'em. "Theodore," they say,
"With fatal force you knife us."
'Tis thus a fitting price they pay
For what they did to Dreyfus.
And henceforth when they're in the mood
To chase men and undo 'em
They'd better let up and be good,
Or Yankee strings and brass and wood
Will never more come to 'em.

On the Ice.

Now the skater, shod with steel,
Full of vigor and of zeal,
Notes with pleasure that the waters have consented to congeal.
And he girdeth up his feet,
And with motion smooth and fleet
He cavorts across the landscape at a pace that's hard to beat.

If perchance he is brand-new,
Then affairs go all askew,
And his pristine evolutions are appalling to the view.
Lightly he essays to skim
O'er the ice, but Fortune grim
Designates a sitting posture as the only one for him.

Then he may be young and rash,
Fond of surfaces that smash,
And in consequence he'll frequently go under with a splash.
And though rescued on the spot
And filled up with liquor hot,
He most likely gets pneumonia and goes where it freezes not.

But if fully skilled is he,
Everybody must agree
That his dexterous gyrations are a charming thing to see.
As he glides from place to place,
At a very giddy pace,
He presents the true embodiment of poetry and grace.

'Tis a source of pleasure great
When he doth ejaculate,
"Keep your eye upon me, fellers, while I cut the figure 8."
And beholders must proclaim
That their feelings are the same
When in lettering that's faultless on the ice he cuts his name.

Accidents, of course, may mar
His career. It is a bar
To his triumph when his cranium hits the ice and makes a star.
And the hearts of all are sore,
And with anguish brimming o'er,
When he strikes a wicked air-hole and goes down to rise no more.

But he is a chipper chap,
Full of blood and vim and snap;
So let's hope that he'll encounter no misfortune or mishap.
And that frosty weather still
Will maintain its grip until
Ev'ry skater of the edifying sport has had his fill.

Bobs of Candahar.

Now haste thee, Bobs of Candahar,
For lo, in Afric's land afar,
The light of fair Britannia's star
    Is sadly on the wane.
Her soldiers, formerly the best
In all the world, are sore distress'd
What they've "bit off" they can't digest,
    And bitter is their pain.

Ah, Bobs, you may conceive their woe,
Recalling how, not long ago,
Those lads were sneering at the foe
    That has them now at bay;
How Buller, that distinguished chief,
In public said, " 'Tis my belief
That in Pretoria our roast beef
    We'll eat on Christmas day."

Did Buller's forecast come to pass?
What need to answer No. Alas,
Elsewhere the knife and fork and glass
    On Christmas day he plied.
With Boers in front and Boers behind
And Boers on right and left he dined,
While shot and shell by hands unkind
    Were fired from ev'ry side.

Poor Buller! 'Twas his hope forthwith
To bring relief to Ladysmith,
And all his friends and kin and kith
    Believed he'd do the trick.
But when he reached Colenso, lo,
Old Joubert suddenly let go
And dealt him a destructive blow
    Upon the double-quick.

Hence, Bobs, you're needed in a rush.
Make haste, lad, and get in the push
Before the Boers to atoms crush
The flow'r of Britain's flock.
To you Britannia's people turn,
Exhorting you in words that burn
To whip the Boers from stem to stern,
And all their games to block.

And, Bobs—oh, melancholy thought!—
If all in vain your aid is sought,
And if your plans should come to naught,
(Here let's indulge in sobs)
Then Britain nothing else can do
But simply skip the tra-la-loo
From Africa, and as for you—
Oh, but you'll catch it, Bobs!

Naughty-Naught.

We may drop a tear
For the good old year
That is dead, but why repine
Since the year brand-new
Is as good and as true
And as jolly as Ninety-nine?
Yes, the rising star
Is brighter far
Than the star whose fall is wrought.
Then a toast let's drink
And our glasses clink
To the health of Naughty-naught.

Chorus:

Cheer, boys, cheer,
Never a tear,
Here's to the naughty, naughty year.
May his coming with bliss for all be fraught.
Here's a health to Naughty-naught.

The good old year
Had a bright career,
He was chipper and blithe and gay,
With generous hand,
He gave to our land
Success that is here to stay.
Aye, more than enough
Of the long green stuff
To this land of ours he brought.
But there's plenty more
Long green in store,
Then hurrah for Naughty-naught!
Cho.—Cheer, boys, cheer, etc.

Yes, love grows cold
And it's off with the old
And on with the love that's new,
And the year that's fled
To the world is dead
And vanished from mortal view.
But wherefore mourn
For another is born
And to serve us well he ought.
Then your glasses fill,
And drink with a will
To the health of Naughty-naught.
Cho.—Cheer, boys, cheer, etc.

Aggie's Flight.

There was terror in Bimbolango;
The news came in that day,
That the Yankee troops
With murderous whoops
Were coming to burn and slay.
They had taken Tingotango,
And wrought destruction dire.
And 'twas oh, the dread
Of a scene blood-red
And of terrible sword and fire.

Quoth Aguinaldo's mother,
"My son, what news is this
That makes you shake
And quiver and quake?
Oh, tell me, what's amiss."
"Oh, mother," says he, "don't bother
It is but a passing chill.
'Twill yield no doubt,
To a poultice stout
Or an antibilious pill."

"O son, you speak not truly.
I see by your troubled looks
And your quiv'ring shanks
That the awful Yanks
Will soon get in their hooks.
I urge you not unduly,
But if you love me, Ag.
You'll leave me not
On this ill-starr'd spot
For Lawton's men to bag."

"Say, mother, what harum-scarum
Idea is this you've framed?
Fear not, fear not,
For even if caught
By Lawton's troops untamed,
You'll grace no Yankee harem
Nor yet be a slave for sale.
And those Yankee chaps
Some day, perhaps,
Might let you out on bail."

Thus saying the dauntless leader
Picked up his valise and skipped.
In vain the chase.
His lightning pace
Pursuers all outstripped.
But his mother, who was no speeder,
Just sat in her hut and whined.
And the Yanks came round
And all they found
Was the old girl left behind.

Brother Jolo.

Uncle Sam plays no longer a solo;
  Without the least sign of regret
He has taken the Sultan of Jolo
  To join in a ruling duet.
"Yes," quoth Sam to the Sultan, "Old chappie,
  Your throne I don't want to pull down,
Your vassalage won't be unhappy,
  For, lad, I shall leave you your crown."

"My liege," quoth the Sultan, "pray tell me,
  In case to my slaves I hold on,
Do you mean to chastise and expel me
  And leave me completely undone?
And then my poor wives—will you scare 'em
  By ruling polygamy out?
Oh, sire, if I give up my harem
  My glory will vanish, no doubt."

"Fear not," Uncle Sam answered gaily,
  Though slavery counts among us
As a thing that is deucedly scaly,
  About it we'll not have a fuss;
And your wives—well, we won't be outlawing
  Those ladies. Just keep the whole crew.
For a careful distinction we're drawing
  Between Brigham Roberts and you."

Quoth the Sultan: "You'll certainly lay me
  Beneath obligations immense,
If a stipend you're willing to pay me.
  I'd like to have some recompense."
"Dear fellow, I'll do it," said Sammy.
  "Five dollars a week is the price,
And your chiefs and your courtiers—why, damme,
  For them five a year should suffice."

The bargain was closed and 'twas settled
That henceforth the star-spangled flag
Should float o'er the Moros high-mettled,
Confounding such traitors as "Ag."
Ended now was the vile domination
Of pirates and bandits and "sich,"
And we added an isle to our nation
Without the least sign of a hitch.

Then here's to our brothers in Jolo,
No longer condemned and despised,
They have laid down the gun and the bolo
And as Yankees they're now recognized;
They are yellow, but bless you! their color
With us shouldn't cut any ice,
For their isle will yield many a dollar
And oh, but it's cheap at the price!

The Ground Hog.

In tradition old and hoary
Treasured up in song and story
(Jealously such things are hoarded),
Solemnly it is recorded
That upon this date and day
From his hole, where he's been sleeping
Through the winter, softly creeping
Comes the ground hog, nosing, winking,
Sizing up the scene and blinking
In a very furtive way.

Not in fashion helter skelter
Does he issue from his shelter.
There in quarters snug and cozy
He's been having dreams of rosy
Times when summer days come round.
There no biting blasts could chill him
And with pains rheumatic fill him.
Thickest snowstorms never "fazed" him,
Zero's edges never grazed him;
He's been warm and safe and sound.

Shyly he slips out and shivers,
Aye, in ev'ry nerve he quivers.
For he dreads the wintry tussle,
Dreads the Ice King on his muscle,
  Dreads Jack Frost's inclement hand.
And his heart within him flutters,
And the sentiments he utters
Signify his anxious feeling
In the face of things congealing
  Ev'rywhere throughout the land.

Now for him there comes a crisis.
Minus warnings or advices,
He must deftly put together
Two and two and gauge the weather,
  Gauge for forty days ahead.
All mankind on him depending
Waits upon the fateful ending
Of his mission. Ah, 'twould grieve us
If the ground hog should deceive us.
  But he never does, 'tis said.

If the sun he should set eyes on
Climbing up from the horizon,
And his shadow darkly throwing
On the snow, then he'll be going
  Underground again to snooze.
And for forty days unpleasant
Things will keep on as at present,
Freezing right along and snowing,
Likewise polar winds a-blowing
  While men shiver in their shoes.

But if he beholds no trace of
Sun and shadow, then in place of
Going back again to cover
He'll stay out, for winter's over
  And the way for spring is clear.
Hence humanity has reason
At this very doubtful season
In the very choicest phrases
To recite the ground hog's praises,
  And that's why these lines appear.

Lady Smith.

Do you hear that distant drumming,
Lady Smith, Lady Smith?
That's a sign that Buller's coming,
Lady Smith, Lady Smith.
He has sworn by high and low
To release you from the foe,
But he happens to be slow,
Lady Smith, Lady Smith.
He is desperately slow,
Lady Smith.

Do not kick because he's tardy,
Lady Smith, Lady Smith.
Haste, you know, would be foolhardy,
Lady Smith, Lady Smith.
For 'twixt you and him there lurk
Foes that, like the heartless Turk,
Do all sorts of deadly work,
Lady Smith, Lady Smith.
Theirs is very deadly work,
Lady Smith.

How, indeed, could Buller hustle,
Lady Smith, Lady Smith,
When with Boers he has to tussle,
Lady Smith, Lady Smith?
They have guns on ev'ry kop,
Firing broadsides from the top,
And they simply will not stop,
Lady Smith, Lady Smith.
They're too hard of heart to stop,
Lady Smith.

Buller once essayed to flank 'em,
Lady Smith, Lady Smith;
And he really hoped to spank 'em,
Lady Smith, Lady Smith.
Spion Kop he occupied,
But the Boers ran up the side,
Then the Britons mostly died,
Lady Smith, Lady Smith.
Quite a number of 'em died,
Lady Smith.

Buller ever since is careful,
Lady Smith, Lady Smith.
He is watchful now and pray'rful,
Lady Smith, Lady Smith.
He is hoping that some day
He will find a passageway
And slip through without delay,
Lady Smith, Lady Smith.
There will then be no delay,
Lady Smith.

Then wait patiently and coolly,
Lady Smith, Lady Smith.
Don't be fractious and unruly,
Lady Smith, Lady Smith.
For be sure, the British race
Won't commit desertion base
When a lady's in the case,
Lady Smith, Lady Smith.
And it won't neglect your case,
Lady Smith.

Date Due

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